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Looking Forward

ONE OF THE great truths about humanity seems to be that in the end, every man, in his own generation, makes his own philosophy and determines his own way of life. In most instances, the method employed is a form of inquiry into life, as it is currently lived. And, speaking generally, as a rule, the wider the inquiry the more satisfactory and inclusive the resultant philosophy.

IN HIS DAY, the founder of this magazine, Lyman Abbott, set in motion a great current of contemporary inquiry. For so doing, he was roundly abused and villified, particularly in regard to evolution. In the main, his critics were the Fundamentalists of his age; clergymen in many instances, and, in particular, those men and women of an older generation who had already made their inquiry into life and arrived at a solution which resisted any further change. Yet, for many thousands of his generation Lyman Abbott presented a new view of truth which was vital. He put into words things which, in the light of the new knowledge of the day, were everywhere felt, but mainly unexpressed.

TODAY, Lyman Abbott is dead, and much of the formula of life to which he subscribed is, so far as a newer generation is concerned, necessarily outworn—as any formula must be which is born of inquiry, grows vital and dies. Yet the spirit behind his adventure remains as vital as ever; and the necessity for inquiry is even stronger than before, in the face of a world infinitely more complex than the world he knew.

TODAY, as ever, this magazine is motivated by the spirit of inquiry and the search for new truth. Today, as ever, it is founded upon the conception of the self-reliant life as man's goal. Despite the head-shakings and laments of the stragglers—some of whom, ironically enough, call upon Lyman Abbott's own name to sustain them in their resistance to new adventure—despite these, it will continue to be addressed to the progressive families of this generation in America.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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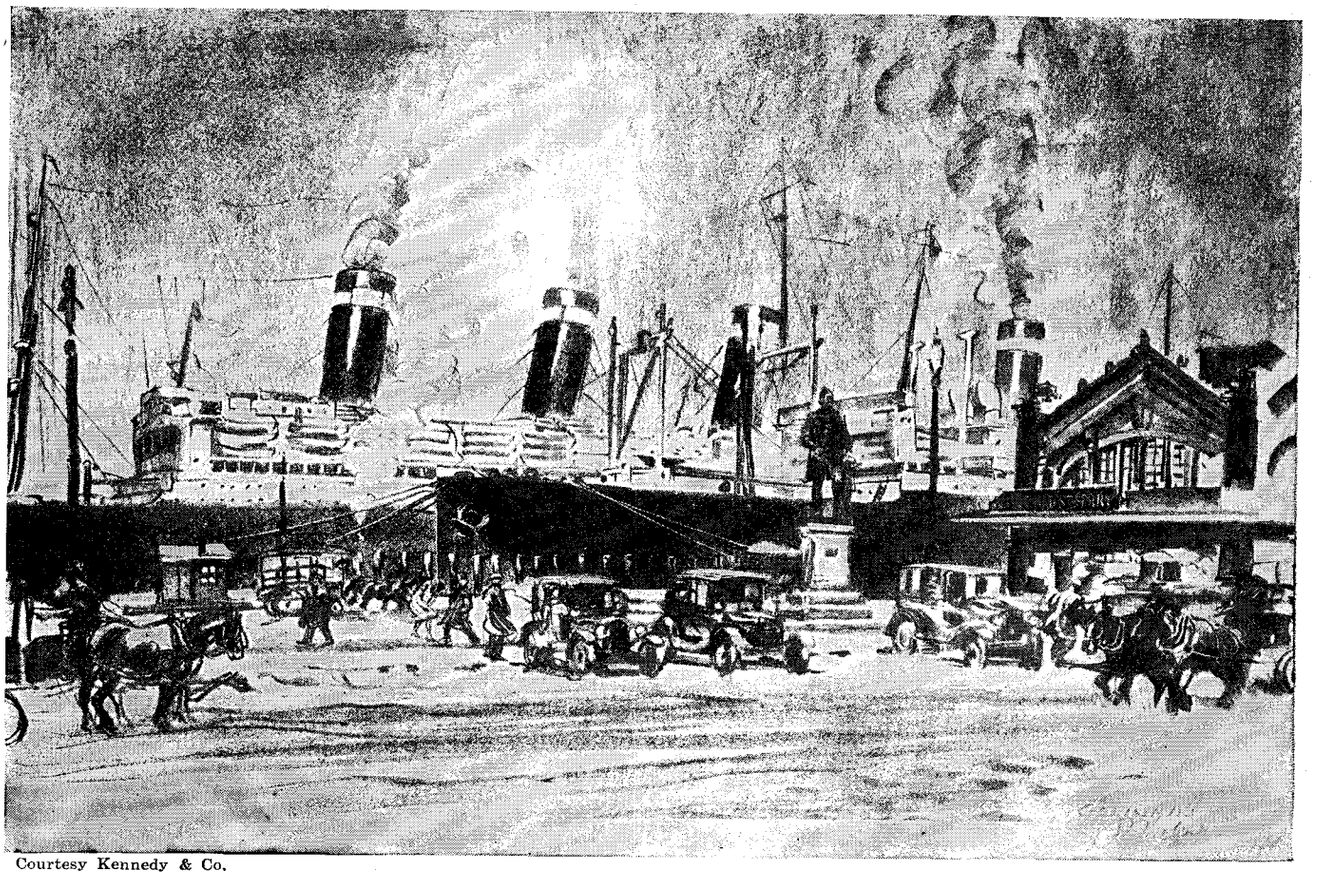

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PORT O' HOBOKEN
A lithograph by H. Golinkin

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Outlook

and Independent

August 28, 1929

Does Our Tariff Menace Peace?

By WICKHAM STEED

This European view of our tariff program comes from a journalist long known as a friendly interpreter of American affairs. In a letter to the editors, he says: "The harm which the tariff may do to the moral prestige of the United States in the world can hardly be overestimated; but that, after all, is a matter which concerns most closely American citizens. . . . The really disastrous thing would be a lasting check to the movement towards international disarmament, and the accentuation of political rivalry between European peoples which a check to disarmament would be likely to entail. But no good purpose can be served by European protests or impotent expostulations. This is why I have written dispassionately and have left American readers to draw their own conclusions." Mr. Steed is editor of the English Review of Reviews. He was formerly editor of the London Times

SINCE THE END of the War two conflicting principles have been struggling for mastery in Europe. One is the interdependence of nations. In its name, Governments and peoples have accepted, in practice if not in theory, substantial limitations of their political sovereignty. Co-operation rather than rivalry has been the watchword of its advocates. The other principle is that nations must seek to be industrially and economically self-sufficing so that, in the event of war, they may not have to depend upon outside assistance for the wherewithal of self-defense. Of this second principle less has been said than of the first, but it has been more assiduously practised.

A consequence of the second principle has been the raising of tariff walls between European countries. The absurd lengths to which this process has gone have been well illustrated by a map which Major Clive Morrison-Bell has exhibited in many European capitals. It represents Europe as a juxtaposition of compartments economically watertight or, at least, surrounded by dykes so high that only the highest industrial tides can flow over them. The anomalous character of this economic and fiscal position in a Europe striving for an increasing degree of political association has inspired constant satire. Not a few American business men and economists have expressed astonishment at the short-sightedness of European peoples, and have pointed with pride to the advantages reaped by the United States from the establishment of free trade between the forty-eight states of the North American Union. Let Europe do likewise, they have argued, and her economic troubles will soon disappear.

This argument has not failed to impress partisans of "The United States of Europe"—an ideal easier to express in words than to realize in practice. Though the adoption of "free trade" in Europe is recognized to be a pious aspiration, efforts have tended towards "freer trade" by the mitigation of tariffs and the creation of international combines for the allotment of markets. Provided that the fear of war and the corresponding anxiety for national security can be assuaged, it is not improbable that progress towards freer trade will gradually be made and that economic sagacity may follow after political wisdom. The projected American tariff is likely to hasten this process.

The fundamental error of pre-War pacifists was to believe that the intertwining of commercial and financial interests would, by itself, suffice to render war impracticable. They forgot two essential considerations. The last great European war in 1870-71 had been a very profitable enterprise for Germany; and no amount of argument could convince the masters of the Prusso-German military machine that another great war would not be equally profitable, provided that Germany were strong enough to gain a swift victory. The other consideration was that human beings and nations are governed by emotions, by passions, not by cool calculations of economic profit and loss. When their passions are sufficiently aroused, men and peoples will do the most uneconomic things without pausing to count the cost.

The World War taught, or should have taught, the peoples of Europe, and Germany in particular, one salutary lesson—that war entails so much loss and destruction as to be economically unprofitable even to the victors. The single exception to this rule has seemed to be the United States of America. To it, the World War is thought by many European observers to have brought abounding prosperity and a dominant position in the international money market. Other observers claim, however, that the experience of the United States does not really invalidate the lesson, because the United States came into the War late, after trading profitably with both belligerent groups from August 1914 until April 1917, and went out of it early by declining to share in upholding the Peace Settlement, except insofar as it maintained its claims

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to a share of reparations. War on a system of limited liability is not, these observers argue, comparable to a war of unlimited liability such as that which the European belligerents waged.

The number of Europeans who understood the position and the motives of the United States during its two-and-three-quarters years of neutrality, and after its rejection of the Peace Treaties, is distressingly small. Most Europeans attribute the conduct of the United States to national selfishness pure and simple, and make no allowances for the factors of distance, dissimilarity of conditions, and traditions of detachment from Europe which ought equitably to enter into any just reckoning. Neither do they rightly assess the immensity of the services rendered by the United States to the European Allies both during the period of neutrality and during its eighteen months' association with them in active belligerence. Hence the general European tendency to look upon American prosperity as an outcome of European misfortunes, and upon even the partial collection of War debts from Europe as an exercise in usury.

The average European looks upon the United States as a country that does a large export trade in idealism and a profitable import trade in hard cash. Roughly, he reasons thus: President Wilson foisted the League of Nations upon Europe; and when, at his instance, the Covenant of the League had been deeply imbedded in the Peace Treaties, the American people turned their backs on him and the League, and insisted on the collection of War debts for the reason (which added insult to injury) that, unless the debts were repaid, the quarrelsome nations of Europe, incapable of emulating the American example by federating themselves, would merely spend the money on armaments in preparation for another war.

MORAL PEDAGOGY is rarely popular. When addressed by the citizens of one country to hypothetically inferior foreigners, it is apt to become extremely unpopular. For this reason American suggestions that War debts were really being collected for the good of the debtors, not for the pecuniary advantage of the creditor, struck most Europeans as exercises in misplaced humor.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that American efforts to promote the peace of the world should have been viewed with a sceptical eye in many European countries. From the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments in 1921, to the Kellogg proposals for the renunciation of war in 1928, every American initiative has had to overcome latent hostility and suspicion in European minds. Behind American professions of good-will and idealism, some interested motive was always believed to lie; and, if it could not be found, it was suspected of having been concealed with more than usual cunning. Only thus is it possible, for instance, to account for the initial assumption in France that the true purpose of the Kellogg proposals was to undermine the League of Nations. Yet, little by little, confidence outgrew suspicion. The Kellogg Treaty came to be accepted with enthusiasm by European peoples, and without open distrust by European governments. Not even the belittling explanations of Senator Borah, before its ratification by the United States Senate, availed entirely to destroy the European hope that, at last, a basis had been found for peaceful co-operation between the United States and the rest of the world for the promotion of peace and the advancement of international welfare.

THIS HOPE was, and is, strongest in Great Britain. President Hoover's suggestions for an effective reduction of naval armaments, and his statement that the faith and idealism of the Kellogg Pact must now be "clothed with action," were heard joyfully. Then, as a bolt from the blue, came the tidings that, while the United States was proposing to lead the nations towards assured political peace, it was simultaneously preparing to lead them towards economic strife by shutting itself up within tariff walls higher and more monstrous than those which separate the quarrelsome nations of Europe from each other.

Once again European cynics exclaimed that the United States can always be relied upon to be insincere in its idealism and sincere in its commercialism; that the renunciation of war was merely a smoke screen to hide the reality of economic imperialism; and that the nation which abhors international bloodshed sees no moral objection to international strangulation.

Thus far I have written from the general European standpoint which, needless to say, I do not share. Most European critics are too ignorant of American conditions for their opinions to be just; and their feelings have been too deeply wounded by the contrast between some American professions and some American performances to allow them to seek the truth with patient impartiality. For some years past a few Englishmen and a few Europeans have fought an uphill fight against anti-American misapprehensions; and these Englishmen, among whom I am proud to number myself, apprehend that the impending American tariff will make their task harder than ever. Even in quarters where American conditions are understood, it is felt that neither Great Britain nor Europe can sit down quietly under the menace to international prosperity and good-will which the proposed tariff undoubtedly implies. There will assuredly be a reaction against it either in the form of retaliatory tariffs or of the organization of other large economic units capable of withstanding the United States in the economic field and of becoming as nearly self-sufficing as the United States believes itself to be. The movement in favor of an economic "United States of Europe" will make headway; and some provision for freer trade between the component parts of the British Empire is by no means beyond the limits of possibility. These things will not come all at once; but, if the American tariff is adopted and enforced in anything like the form now adumbrated, they will come inevitably. They may, in time, create foundations for a sounder economic organization of the whole world. But, meanwhile, the extension of the anti-foreign spirit to the economic domain—the very spirit which the League of Nations has been seeking to exercise from the political domain—must lead to friction and depress the value of international idealism.

IT IS BESIDE the point for foreigners to argue that, in the long run, the citizens of the United States will hurt themselves in attempting to help themselves by hurting others. This may or may not prove true. Should it prove true, the American people would be the object of uncharitable derision in every quarter where the tariff had wrought havoc. But neither present apprehensions of harm nor possibilities of future derision help to promote understanding between nations; and I am disposed to judge the American tariff rather in the light of its potential effects upon international good-will than as an exercise in extreme protectionism or as a source of eventual damage to the United States.

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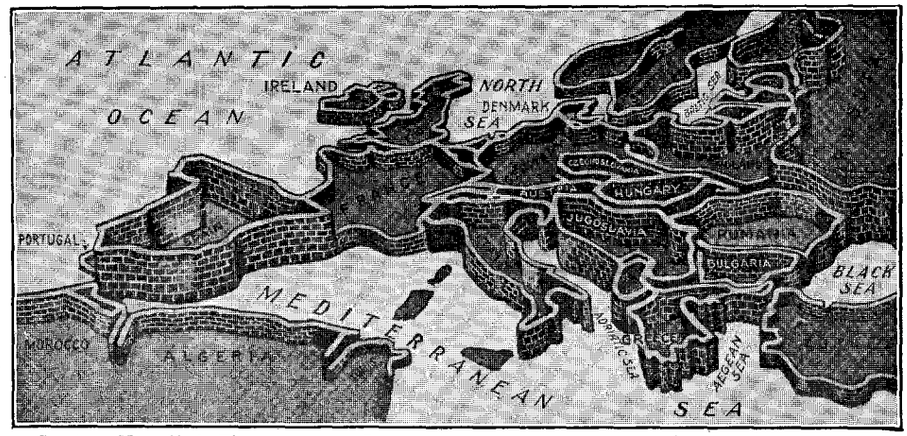
From this angle of vision the projected tariff strikes me as a distinct setback to the hopes of increased American co-operation for the organization of world peace. Even in quarters where idealism is discounted and the international outlook is most soberly considered, the Kellogg Pact, the association of the United States with the World Court at the Hague, and the Young Plan have been taken as signs of a growing desire on the part of the United States Executive, if not upon that of the American people as a whole, to link up with the rest of the world in the discharge of common duties to civilization and for the protection of broad common interests. In Europe, we know, by this time, that the doctrine of economic self-sufficiency is not compatible with the other doctrine of the interdependence of nations. Those of us who have some inkling of conditions in the United States, some notion of the immensity of American resources, are the least disposed to dispute the claim that the United States is, can be, and, for as long a period as need be taken in practical account, will be economically self-sufficing. Nor do we contest the complete economic sovereignty of the United States or its full right to do what it likes with its own.

Trade is not charity; business is not altruism. We recognize that American industrial interests are entitled to shelter themselves behind as high a tariff barrier as can be built, and that any real or apparent divergence between industrial and agricultural interests in the United States may perhaps be reconciled by making special provisions for the advantage of agriculture in the Tariff Bill. But we see also that the United States cannot have it both ways. It cannot shut out foreign goods and expect other countries to buy American goods. Any process of "dumping" American goods in Europe that high protectionism might foster would be likely to be answered either by prohibitive European tariffs or by a veto upon imports from the United States, even if the veto were tempered by a system of import licenses. At the same time it is clear that Europe will not be able to send large sums of gold or its equivalent across the Atlantic in discharge of War debts, or even in payment of interest upon post-War industrial loans, if the only form in which such payments are practically feasible—that is to say in "goods and services"—is suddenly rendered inoperative. American investors



Courtesy New York Times *Drawn from a Model Designed by Sir Clive Morrison-Bell*

The tariff walls that divide Europe and their relative heights

may accumulate credits in debtor countries; but, if trade ceases, they will only be able to enjoy or employ those credits in the debtor countries themselves, or in countries with which the debtor countries can profitably trade. Enjoyed or employed in this way, American holdings in Europe might conceivably increase the prosperity of the debtor countries, but they would hardly lead to an increased consumption of American goods or to the regular payment of War debt installments.

This is the broad economic-financial view of the probable influence of the new American tariff upon international relations. Into the reasons for the tariff itself, and into its effects upon American internal economy, competent European observers are loth to go. Their general impression is that the United States is already suffering, directly or indirectly, from a "gold inflation" which has created credit, that is to say, commercial currency, in excess of the actual requirements of sound American business. They see no reason why a gold inflation should be less harmful, in the long run, than paper inflation (except insofar as gold is a more stable standard of value than State-guaranteed paper), for they have long since lost the mystical illusion that gold is anything more than a commodity. But they know that inflation of any kind leads to overproduction, speculation and eventually to crisis. Until the middle of 1928 they believed that the Federal Reserve System would be capable of controlling the situation. Gradually this confidence has been undermined. Both the Federal Reserve policy of "warning" and that of "direct action" are seen not to have yielded the expected results; and the further course of events is awaited with some anxiety as to the repercussion of the monetary situation at New York in European financial centers, and as to the eventual development of the financial situation in the United States itself. While there is no analogy between the circumstances which produced the crisis of 1907, out of which the Federal Reserve System grew, and those prevailing today—inasmuch as the wealth and the resources of the United States are now incomparably larger than they were twenty-two years ago—some doubt is felt whether the present situation may not show the need for a much firmer command of that wealth and those resources that the Federal Reserve System now seems able to exercise.

Some European economists imagine that the projected tariff is, in some mysterious way, connected with the existing monetary and credit position in the United States. They think that, as the American home market approaches a point of relative saturation, American manfacturers may feel impelled to demand that every conceivable obstacle should be put in the way of foreign competition, and may believe that, with a heavily protected home market, it will be easier for them to increase sales abroad. Into these abstruse calculations I cannot enter, for I have no means of judging whether they are utterly baseless or, in some degree, well-founded. To me the political and general consequences which the proposed tariff may be expected to entail seem far more interesting than any economic or pseudo-economic enquiry into the motives of its promoters.

These consequences, as I foresee them, are mainly three: (1) A decrease of the reviving international good-will towards the United States and, therefore, a diminution of salutary American influence of the world; (2) a growing

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Covered Wagons to Rubber Tires

By WAINWRIGHT EVANS

The history of a nation may well be reconstructed from its highways. There are 6,500,000 miles of highway in the world, and 3,000,000 of the total are in the United States. Mr. Evans, a frequent contributor to the reviews, here traces the extraordinary development of roads in this country as well as the new international aspect of road construction

I ONCE WENT camping in Kansas. My tent was pitched in a field not far from a fine macadam road which flowed toward the spot like a long, white ribbon, and, as it reached it, turned sharp to the right. Had it continued straight on, it would have descended into a depression a hundred feet wide and four feet deep that stretched like a deep gash across the field, and wound its way over the prairies beyond, out toward the horizon. My tent stood on the edge of that curious formation. The bottom was overgrown with brush, thicket, and buffalo grass; but in that rolling landscape it was as plain to the eye as a dried river-bed.

I had just wandered down into it with a shotgun, and without the help of a dog had within five minutes brought back a brace of rabbits for dinner. As I returned, the rancher on whose land I had squatted came by. "What is that thing?" I asked, pointing to the hollow at my feet.

He reined in his horse, on which he had been going the rounds of his thousand-acre wheat ranch.

"That?" He looked down at it contemplatively, with a curious gleam of feeling in his eyes. "Why, that's the Old Santa Fe Trail. That new macadam road is built on top of it from way back yonder; but when the engineers reached this point I guess they figured it would take too much grading to fill it up; so they turned sharp to the right, as you see, and made a half circle around my ranch. The road goes back to the Old Trail further on. Generally speaking, they can't improve on it, nor on the Oregon Trail either."

Then he rode away. That night I sat in the moonlight, and looked my fill and dreamed. Whenever a cloud chanced to cross the moon, it was not hard to imagine a procession winding its way in ghostly silence past my tent, and out toward the horizon—the buffalo, the Indian, the long-horn, the cowboy, the miner, the trapper, the settler, the men in blue uniform, armed with short carbine and rattling saber, the Covered Wagon! Only when the automobiles swept up the new macadam at fifty miles an hour, piercing the gloom with their headlights, did the ghosts vanish for a moment. Then in the silence and under the moon, they came back, trooping there, on and on and on into the West. It was an eerie place, a haunted spot. A hundred feet wide and four deep, worn to the depth of a horse's shoulder! Centuries from now that untouched segment of the Old Trail will still be there, unheeded, while the traffic of the nation to which it helped give birth whizzes by.

IT IS a far cry from that age to this. And there are scores of old trails in the United States today where the contrast suggested between the present and the past is equally dramatic, and where the epic meanings of a great road are made equally clear. There is the Oregon Trail, for instance, where it passes not far north of that spot before it begins its long march to the Northwest. There the ghostly procession is perhaps even longer and more rich in historic meaning.

Or one can journey east, if one will, into Illinois, say, and pick up the Old Cumberland Trail, whose spirited saga lives more vividly in song and story, perhaps, than any other historic road to be found in the East and the Middle West.

This was the road from Cumberland, Maryland, to St. Louis. It was begun by the Federal Government in 1808; it was open to traffic in 1818; by 1832 it stretched with imposing straightness clear to the Illinois line. Then came the railroad, and work on the Cumberland Trail ceased abruptly. The Government completed the grading to St. Louis, however, on the theory that though the pike had obviously had its day, the railroad could make use of the grade. It was in mournful commemoration of this event that a contemporary poet wrote:

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the Stage-coach rattling by;
For the steam king rules the traveled world,
And the old pike's left to die.

The writer of those lines—does his ghost too, perhaps, haunt the old pike in the glimpses of the moon? If so, what he sees now is for the most part a white stretch of hard concrete, over which a stream of rubber-tired traffic sweeps by twenty-four hours a day, their headlights at night dispelling strange shades of the past: the Conestoga wagons, the picturesque, hard-swearing, hard-fighting tribe of teamsters, the 6,000-pound loads of freight, drawn fifteen to twenty miles a day by relays of horses changed every fifteen miles; the Great Eastern and Great Western mails, making the distance between Washington and St. Louis in 94 hours at a steady speed of ten miles an hour; the quick change of horses, with the driver throwing down his lines, and never leaving his seat, till in a twinkling, another set was in his hands, and his whip cracked, and away they flew.

It was the turn of the century; and the day of the automobile, which was destined to change the face of our civilization, and incidentally of our highways and moribund pikes. Nor are the great roads any longer at the mercy of county politicians. On these matters the Federal Government has a word to say. Today the old Cumberland Trail is merely a segment of a system of national highways over which automobiles by millions travel at high speed from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf.

But they didn't know it then; and soon after the coming of the railroad began the disappearance of the tribe of teamsters. One can picture the surviving remnant of them. They still carried in their great Conestoga wagons the supplies of tobacco leaf which they used to roll into "Conestoga cigars" as they sat around their campfires at night. The cigars sold in the towns for good prices, and were noted for their strength and flavor. It took a strong man to survive the smoking of one of them. Gradually they came to be known in the vernacular of the day, and in the hearts of the people as "Stogas,"

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and finally as "Stogies." They make them in sanitary factories now. For the teamsters soon passed out; the end came swiftly. But still there comes to us down the years the echo of the swan song they roared as they rolled the stogies by the light of their dying campfires:

Now all ye jolly wagoners, who have got good wives,
Go home to your farm, and there spend your lives,
When your corn is cribbed and your small grain is good
You'll have nothing to do but curse the railroad.

One by one the trunk highways went through that same first blaze of glory as veins and arteries of the Commonwealth; one by one with the coming of steam they ceased to function, and degenerated into something somewhat better than average rural roads used by farmers to haul their produce to market or the nearest railroad station; and one by one they have come back, in a way that passes the wildest dreams of the men who thrilled to them in the day when the stage-coach went by at a gallop, to the tinkling of harness bells, the cracking of whips, and the shouts of the drivers.

Looking back in retrospect, we say, "How picturesque it was!" But had they been able to look forward, they would have cried, "How tame this is." On the whole, perhaps, there is loss and gain alike in such a change; but the new is surely better than the old. It must be so, unless, indeed, the whole vast development of our civilization is, as some pessimists seem to think, a futility.

There were many other important roads in that day. One was the Lancaster Pike, running from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, now one of the great highways of the country. Another was the Boston Post Road. But the Cumberland Trail was the only one ever built wholly by the United States Government. When the railroads came, highway building was just approaching the point where it would have really amounted to something. Then every thought of highway building was abruptly dropped. Steam was better. And yet, at first, steam didn't have everything its own way, either. Locomotives didn't always get there. A sensational race was put on between a stage coach and a B. and O. train, for instance; and though the train at first had all the best of it, the engine presently slipped a belt which operated the blower; steam pressure dropped, and the stage coach won.

There was no further active interest in highways till the invention of the bicycle in the late '80's and early '90's. The League of American Wheelmen was organized in 1880. By 1890 it had started a good roads racket which swelled in volume as bicycle clubs formed all over the country, and Sunday bicycle trips became a craze. One immediate result of this agitation was the appearance of sheet asphalt in some of the larger cities, and a general attempt to drag and grade the dirt roads in and adjacent to towns.

It was in 1891 that New Jersey made a pioneer move by enacting state-aid legislation, whereby the state contributed toward the improvement of the more important roads. Two years later the Federal Government, fifty-five years after its abandonment of the Cumberland Trail, established a U. S. Board of Road Inquiry, to investigate the whole highway problem. A little later Massachusetts, California, Connecticut, New York, Vermont, and other states had state-aid legislation in force.

In the meantime, three enterprising, visionary, and impractical gentlemen named respectively Duryea, Haynes, and Ford, had been tinkering with a curious novelty called the horseless carriage. It was amusing, but nobody took it seriously. Also, out in Bellefontaine, Ohio, the community went suddenly crazy and made a concrete road—the first thing of its kind. There was all of a mile of it.

It took about 14 years, till 1904, for the automobile to make itself really felt. By that time there were 54,590 passenger automobiles in the United States and 410 motor trucks. The registration for 1895, nine years previous, had been precisely four. And so, in 1904, the Government made a road survey. It was found that we had 2,150,000 miles of rural highway, and that 154,000 miles of road were surfaced with various materials, most of which were not standing up under the pounding and attrition of rubber-tired traffic, though they had done very well for horse-drawn vehicles.

Particularly did the automobile put an end to the efficiency of water-bound macadam. The first remedy attempted was the application of tars and asphalt to such roads for binder, after the practice already familiar in the cities. The system of construction continued ten years, but it never kept up with the constantly increasing wear and tear caused by the growing number of automobiles. By 1914 the car registration was 1,711,000, of which 85,000 were trucks; and we had 10,500 miles of this early bituminous construction, which had now reached its peak. What forced the next change, from 1914 on, was the motor truck. Bituminous surfaced roads that had sufficed for passenger cars crumbled under the weight and impact of this new monster. And so began the swing toward concrete brick, and bituminous concrete on a concrete base. We are in that era of rigid construction now.

We had five miles of concrete highway in 1909; 2,348 miles of it in 1914; 31,000 miles in 1924; and, in 1928, four years later, the total was 49,000 miles of concrete, 26,000 miles of bituminous

Courtesy Paramount Pictures

A wagon train starts West on the Santa Fe trail

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macadam, 4,500 miles of paving brick, 3,300 miles of asphalt, and 76,000 surviving miles of water-bound macadam, much of which is bound to be resurfaced before long with something that will take punishment from trucks.

There are 6,582,000 miles of highway in the world. We have 3,000,000 miles of them right here in the United States. Europe has approximately, 2,000,000 miles, Africa 200,000 miles, Asia 400,000 miles. Europe has 350,000 miles of water-bound macadam, 2,600 miles of surface-treated macadam, 3,800 miles of asphalt, and 31 miles of cement concrete. Compare these figures with ours, as given in the paragraph above, and you have the story of what the World War did to Europe. Europe had better roads, on the whole, than we did—roads built up through generations for the use of horse-drawn traffic. Today Europe's roads are breaking down under motor-driven traffic, and there is no money for making the hard-surfaced roads now required. This is one of the most perplexing of the difficulties confronting Europe.

WHEN THE coming of the automobile made the good roads question acute in this country, there arose a controversy as to whether the money for improved roads should be spent on farm-to-market roads or on trunk-line developments. The trunk-line advocates won. What settled the matter was the passage of the Federal Aid Roads Act in 1916. This act appropriated $75,000,000 to be expended in five years under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture in co-operation with State Highways departments of whatever states might choose to avail themselves of the provisions of the Act. The law provided that the Federal Government would pay half the cost of new highways approved by its engineers with respect to construction and location. A limit was finally set on the Government's contribution at $115,000 a mile; and it was also provided that Federal Aid Roads could not exceed 7 per cent of the road mileage of a state, save in certain desert regions of long distances.

It followed that any state wishing to avail itself of this help had to create a State Highway Department. The result was a much more rapid development of trunk highways, in a co-ordinated, continuous system running from state to state, than would otherwise have been possible. The mileage of these Federal Aid roads now approaches the 200,000-mile limit set by the present statute. By the latest figures available the Government has so far spent nearly $626,000,000 on Federal Aid Roads. In conjunction with this, there has been a tremendous development of State Aid roads which act as feeders to these great Federal Aid highways. In the building of such roads the state shares the cost with the county. Thus a greater and greater number of rural roads are being improved to whatever degree may be justified by the flow of local traffic.

In addition, the Federal Government has opened up great areas of national forest and national parks to automobile traffic. What this means to the American people is shown by the fact that nearly 20,000,000 motorists visited the national forests in 1928. This was an increase of about one-fifth over the previous year.

To this change the World War contributed by breaking down the then existing highways under motor truck traffic, while, at the same time it forced a cessation of most highway construction. Highway maintenance and construction was declared to be a "non-essential industry." One of the first things of importance that happened in this connection was that the State of Maryland fell out with the Federal Government because the Federal Government refused to pay part of the cost of repairing a lot of fine Maryland roads that were being ripped to pieces by the passage of Army trucks. Maryland decreed that there would be no reciprocity in the matter of motor tags henceforth—and there wasn't. I believe the feud was called off recently.

ANOTHER EVENT of importance at this time was a row between highway engineers in general and motor truck manufacturers in particular. The engineers protested against heavy trucks; while the manufacturers declared for bigger and better trucks, and for highways strong enough to carry them. Finally the two sides conferred, and compromised on the 7½-ton truck as the limit.

The engineering problem was one, not merely of constructing durable roads, but of constructing them for a reasonable cost. Merely to build a strong road is simple enough if the job is to be done by main force. The old Romans did it that way, for instance, by laying a rock foundation three or four feet deep. Concrete on such a base would stand up all right enough, but it would cost about $300,000 a mile. How to get something as good or perhaps better for from $35,000 to $45,000 a mile was the problem. The old Romans weren't a patch on our modern engineers in that game.

GREAT ADVANCES have been made in the science of road-making during the last ten years—and we are still learning. A concrete pavement laid now, for instance, is quite a different matter from one laid even five years back. Engineers have learned, for instance, that there is a world of difference in the behavior of a hard-surfaced road laid on sand and one laid on clay. Formerly it was supposed that there was no difference. Drainage, soil seepage and the like present special problems. Frost does things in the North that it does not do in the South. A pavement thick in the middle and thinner at the edges behaves differently, and not nearly so well, as one that, relatively speaking, has a flat stomach and thick shoulders. Nobody ever thought of that in the old days.

Testing machines have been devised to find out such things. There is one that can pound an inflated truck tire on a block concrete or other material with such energy that the concrete gets more testing in a few hours than it would under forty years of traffic. They have another thing that travels in a circle in an effort to find out how long it will take to wear a rut in the concrete. This is a slow process unless they put non-skid chains on the tires. Those chains can eat up a pavement at an almost visible rate and call for more. Test roads have been built by both State and Federal governments, wherein are stretches of varying construction, some of which stand up and others break up at once.

Formerly engineers thought it didn't matter how much water they used in mixing concrete. Now they know that there is a precisely right amount, and that the slightest variation from it makes an entirely different degree of hardness in the result. Aggregate used to be determined by volume; now it is determined by weight. Asphalt and sand used to be mixed by rule of thumb till the right color was obtained; and it would roll up, curl up, and have convulsions when the traffic was heavy or the sun was hot. Now the proportions are weighed, after formulas provided from laboratory tests. Once the finish-

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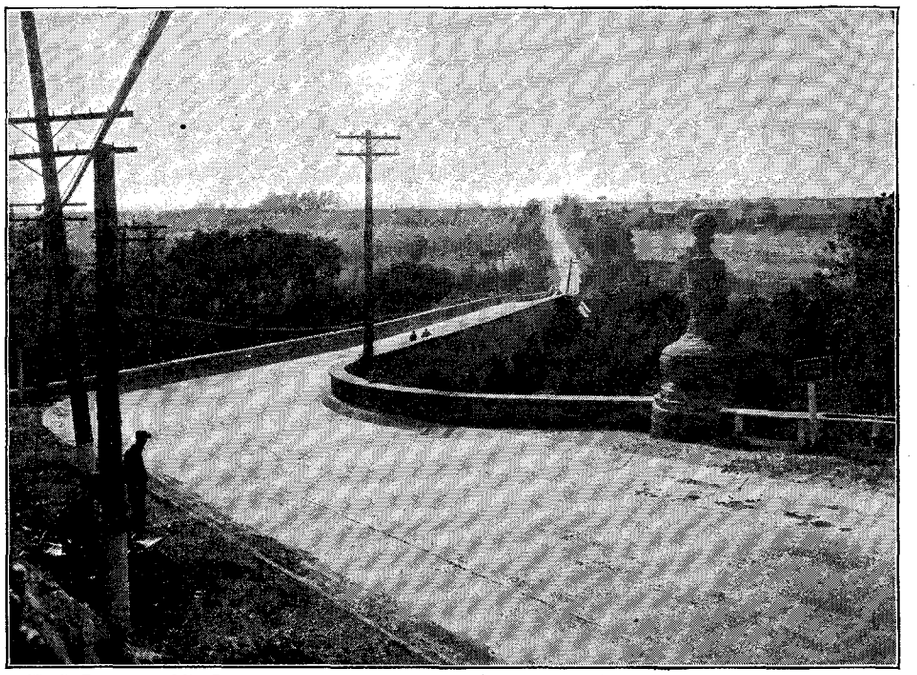
ing of a surface was done by hand and by eye; now it is done with straight-edge devices that make it really smooth. This is important, not merely for reasons of comfortable riding, but because a wavy surface breaks under the strain of traffic.

New sorts of road-building machinery are constantly being invented. They save time and labor and costs. In 1925 a contractor could, if he were a brisk person, lay 400 feet of 18-foot construction a day. Now, four years later, he can lay a thousand, and he is still calling for bigger and faster machinery in order that he may lay two thousand, and take on bigger and more profitable contracts. A contractor in Maryland, for instance, has recently undertaken to build 75 miles of hard-surfaced road. That same job in 1910 would have called for at least 15 contractors. In the South, roads used to be graded with mules and drag pans. Now ten-ton tractors do the work, and loads are hauled in crawler wagons and trailers which carry five or six cubic yards of dirt apiece, dumped into them by a big steam shovel.

That is the way they have been building roads lately in North Carolina under a highway program which engineers consider one of the best-managed projects of its kind ever undertaken. It was managed by the business men of the state, and is said to have been free from the political juggling which has wrecked many a highway. It was a $150,000,000 program, and involved a bond issue of $115,000,000. The result is 3,500 miles of hard-surfaced road, half of it cement concrete, and half of it hard-surfaced concrete. This magnificent enterprise is opening up the whole of the state to the automobile, and will presently put North Carolina in the very front rank among the great states.

South Carolina, Missouri, West Virginia, and Louisiana are other southern states which have lately put out highway bond issues. Georgia has as yet shown no signs of life; and it may be supposed, since Florida roads are already good, that Georgia roads will soon be the only remaining real cause for terror to motorists along the whole Atlantic seaboard. Forward-looking citizens of Georgia realize, of course, that when the highways penetrate the South, lynching-bees will become as extinct as witch-hangings—and only then.

The economic principle on which modern highways are built is simply that it is cheaper to build them than not to build them. This was not formerly the case. First-class roads were at first regarded as luxury, very convenient and pleasant for the automobilist, perhaps, but not a necessity. Today engineers know that a given hard-surfaced highway capable of carrying a given amount of traffic smoothly and swiftly can soon pay for itself through what it saves in gasoline costs alone.



U. S. Bureau Public Roads

A modern trail—Jug Bridge, Monocacy River, Maryland

On actual test, for instance, it is known that fuel costs for automobiles of all classes average one cent a ton-mile on high pavements, and 1.25 cents a ton-mile on earth roads. In the State of Connecticut, from September, 1922, to September, 1923, there passed over 366 miles of state highway 4,870,000 gross tons of motor-truck traffic and 5,698,000 gross tons of passenger traffic. It is estimated on the basis of the average length of trips made by these two types of motor vehicle, that the saving in fuel costs resulting from the use of paved highway, totalled in that year $1,048,000. Reckoning the cost of an 18-foot paved road at $35,000 a mile, exclusive of grading, the cost over 366 miles of road would be about $12,810,000. On this basis, the saving in gasoline consumption alone, with interest at five per cent, would pay for 366 miles of paved road in twenty years. This takes no account of tire wear, oil consumption, and other forms of waste occasioned by inferior roads, particularly if they be overburdened with traffic and constantly in bad condition.

The growth of local and national highways depends on such methods of calculation as that, and not on guess work. The plan now generally followed by road engineers is known as "stage construction." This is carried out on the theory that all construction work must be such that a higher grade of road can be laid on top of it, when the need for such construction arises, without undoing anything that has been already accomplished. For example, the construction of an earth road in a region where nothing better is required at the time, involves correct grading, thorough drainage, and ample width. Sometimes such work can be done at low cost, and sometimes it may cost $10,000 a mile; but it must be done that way.

Generally speaking, it is considered that nothing more costly than a properly graded, drained, and maintained earth road is economically justified where the daily traffic is a hundred vehicles a day or less. When the traffic ranges between a hundred and three hundred vehicles a day, the economical and adequate surfacing is usually a mixture of sand and clay or of other selected materials. For a traffic count of from 300 to 500 a day, gravel is used; and when the count ranges from 500 to 1500 it is economical to put in such semi-permanent materials as heavy oil surfacing for the existing road, or water-bound macadam, or macadam treated with bituminous materials, etc. Such roads as these break down when the traffic ranges from 1500 a day on up. Then come cement con-

(Please Turn to Page 718)

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The Hounds of Heaven

By MARIAN HURD MCNEELY

In these pages, some time ago, the author started a useful controversy over "Moths and Rust in the Sunday School." We foresee another in her discussion of the methods used to bring her children into the church. Mrs. McNeely lives in Dubuque, Iowa

THE HOUNDS of heaven are after Margaret. They are awaiting her at the close of each Sunday School session, reminding her that she is fifteen years old, that she is the oldest member of her class who has not united with the church, and that now is the time for her to "come forward and acknowledge Christ." And Margaret, harassed and not at all assured of herself, comes home and says to me:

"I don't know what to do about it. They make me feel that I am holding out against good and denying Christ. I don't want to deny Him—you know I don't—but I'm not sure that I want to join any church. I might promise what I couldn't carry out. I know that it wouldn't change me one single bit to join them. Why can't they let me alone?"

And I, knowing Margaret, wish that they would.

There is no irreverence in that "hounds of heaven" phrase. In spite of the beauty of Francis Thompson's poem, the metaphor of his title seems to me very ill-chosen. The name is far more fitting for the well-meaning, but overzealous membership committee of the church than for their gentle Master, who never said "You must sign up," but "Seek and ye shall find Me."

The Sunday Schools in our town—they still go by that name—have improved greatly during the past generation, but advancement has been slow in the system of increasing the church membership. I see history repeating itself as I watch the hounds at my daughter's heels. Thirty-five years ago I was a member of that same Sunday School, and listening to the same arguments that Margaret is hearing today: I had come to the age when I ought to unite with the church; every one else of my years had joined; why was I holding out against Jesus; didn't I *want* to acknowledge *Him?* The pastor cornered me on my way into the school; the violinist in the orchestra waylaid me on the way out. My Sunday School teacher joined in the appeal. They combined to make me feel like a copperhead in the North during the Civil War. I was forced into a position of being considered obstinate, rebellious, recalcitrant, when, in truth, I was none of these. It was not that I did not want to join the church, but that I was not at all sure that I did want to.

But the hounds of heaven were upon my trail. They kept it up for weeks and I seldom escaped from the assembly-room without a special session with some earnest, God-fearing man or woman that was at my heels. They all meant well, but how I dreaded those talks! In the end I capitulated. The Sunday School superintendent, a man with a hearty voice, mutton-chop whiskers and very thin legs, brought it about. By that time I had come to associate that type of voice with the Presbyterian faith; they were all so hearty, so enthusiastic, so cordial when talking to me.

"What do I have to believe to join the church?" I asked him.

"You must acknowledge your belief in Jesus Christ, and you desire to lead a good life," he said.

I WAS greatly relieved. "Joining" did not seem so formidable, after all. "If that's all, I don't mind joining," I told him. "I've always believed that."

So it was arranged that I was to unite with the church the following Sunday. I was to come to Sunday School as usual, meet with the Session (that, he assured me, was a mere formality), then go up to the church for baptism and acceptance to membership. It was a golden day, and a catbird was singing madly in the wild-grape thicket when I left home. I had on my best white mull dress with purple pansies on it, and my mother and father were coming to church to "see me join," but I wasn't thinking of either of those things. I was in a sort of spiritual uplift which did not come from the thought of church, at all, but from the beauty and sound and fragrance of that May morning. Spring always made me feel that way, and it was easy to believe in Christ and to promise to be good, on a day like that. The mood stayed with me all through Sunday School, and until I went into the Session meeting.

It was held in a basement room, and I remember how it smelled of old rubbers when we went in. I sat down in a stiff chair and waited, and the sunshine seemed to go out of the day. One by one "the Session" filed in. There were seven or eight of them, and they all wore beards. I quailed a bit, for I hadn't counted on so many whiskers in the church I was to join. I can't remember just how the questioning began on that day, thirty-five years ago, but I can remember just where I began to stumble. It was upon the query, put in a taken-for-granted way: "You believe that Christ came to the world to save sinners?" I knew, of course, what they wanted me to answer, any idiot could see that, but I couldn't do it. I replied that if He did, and we were already saved, no man need try to do right. It would take all the good out of life. It was evident that I hadn't guessed right, but they gave me another chance, and asked me what Jesus *did* come on earth for, then. I wasn't very positive about my belief in that, either, but I said I had always thought it was to show us how to lead a good life.

After that the questions poured in thick and fast. Very few of them come back to me after all these years, but I remember how little I knew about the Godhead, how they floored me with the Holy Ghost, and how unnecessary all the talking and explaining seemed to me. I had come down to join the church, to say I believe in Jesus and wanted to be good—and now all this! I was fifteen, remember, and they all had beards, mostly white ones. The questioning went on and on. Outside we could hear the children filing out of Sunday School, and the first church bell rang. Finally, I stopped and faced the hounds of heaven. I addressed myself to the one with the least whiskers, who happened to be the Sunday School superintendent that had induced me to come:

"You told me all I had to believe was in Jesus, and in leading a good life," I accused him. "And now I have to answer a whole lot of other questions. That isn't fair."

The oldest Session member, whose

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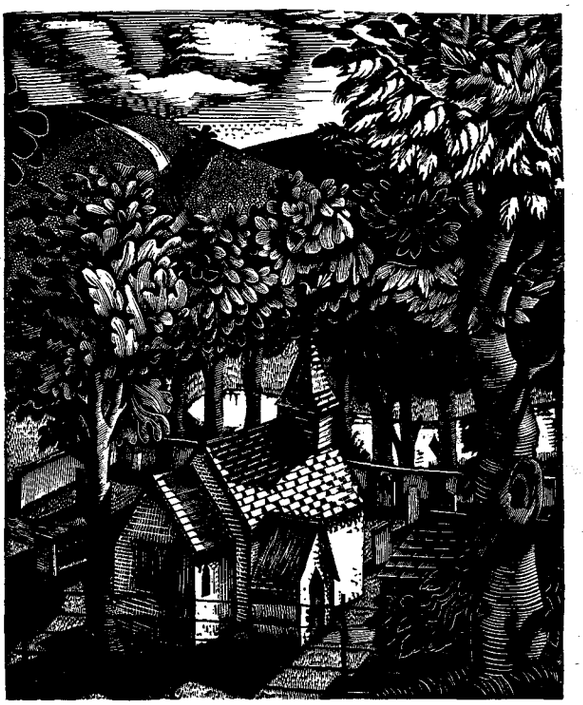
glasses were very crooked, made a short address. I couldn't grasp all of what he meant, but the purport was that I was not quite ready for admission to the church; that I had better go home today, and that they would talk to me later, when they had more time. It would be easy, then, to show me where I was mistaken. So they were not going to let me come in! Me, whom they had coaxed and begged, and fairly lugged into that Session meeting. Me, with the pansy dress on, and my father and mother waiting upstairs in the church, to see me join! I was hurt enough to cry, but angry enough to keep from breaking down. I turned on the poor superintendent, who, after all, had taken no part in the questioning and didn't deserve my wrath:

"You needn't ever talk to me again about it," I told him. "I've changed my mind. I don't want to join your church now. I wouldn't come in if you'd let me!"

I walked out of the room that smelled of rubbers, and never went back. That was the last of Sunday School for me. And while I go back, occasionally, to attend a church service, I have never become a member of that or of any other congregation.

It is my own experience that makes me tremble now at what the hounds of heaven are doing to Margaret. If they only wouldn't *chase* her! No one should be harried into religion. It should be a spontaneous experience, like love, a voluntary reaching out for what fills one's needs and satisfies one's soul hunger. What feeds one man will not nourish another, and what is your religion may not be the one for me.

I am inclined to think that the various religious beliefs are not so much a difference of faith as of feeling. Some exult in their religion, talk about it all the time, long to share it with their less fortunate brothers, whose eyes, they think, "have never been opened to the Truth." It is as though they had joined a new Book-of-the-Month Club, in which they desired to interest new members. They talk about it as they do their cold plunge in the morning, as though they had discovered it first. (In fact, I find that the people who are most voluble about their religion very frequently belong to the Brag-About-Your-Bath Club.) Other people, just as keenly spiritual, are reticent about it. They may experience religion as deeply, lean upon it as trustingly, think of it as devoutly, and yet seldom talk about it. They are of the New England type, who can no more undress the soul in public than they could the body. Of that type are the members of my family. The name of God is not often spoken in our household. We do not feel that it is necessary to acknowledge Him, any more than we acknowledge beauty, or loving-kindness or motherhood. Honor, kindliness, square-dealing are words that are common usage in our home, but faith we take for granted. In fact, faith is a very much over-rated quality. It is an involuntary thing, and one neither deserves, nor should expect, credit for believing. That comes of itself.



Wood engraving by Eric W. Ravilious

I feel the same way about prayer. The wisest man I ever knew, a church member, and a practising Christian as well as physician, said to me once: "If any man feels the real impulse to pray, all he can do is to fall on his knees and remain silent." And it seems so to me. Prayer is only of value when the impulse comes spontaneously, born of a desire for help, of a gratitude for blessings received, of a longing to lean against strength. Otherwise, it is a purely artificial product, as useless as it is uninspired. It may seem a shocking thing to many churchly people, but I have never taught my children to pray to have any desire granted. I have taught them prayers of gratitude and prayers for strength, but no pleas for favors. As for prayers for consolation, those cannot be taught. When the time comes that they need comfort they will seek it themselves—and find it.

I do not think that religion itself can be handed down from one man to another. You can teach a sense of honor, of justice, of kindness; a recognition of what is good and beautiful. But religion is a matter of feeling rather than education. The people who talk of learning it speak of the forms of piety rather than of the real thing. And piety is but the top hat and coat of religion; they have nothing to do with the form inside.

Perhaps I have failed—parents usually do—in the religious training of my children. But it is not my fault, for I can only give them what is in myself to give. And when I come to use the old expressions of religion—the vocabulary that the Sunday School taught me—I am shame-faced and self-conscious about it, because the words do not ring true to me. If I can succeed in showing them what I believe is true, that all beauty is God, then I shall not have failed them. But the spiritual uplift that comes through beauty is hard to express, and much as I long to tell them what I feel, myself, I may lack the tongue to speak.

If hounds of heaven would only stop trying to chase them into Paradise! That is not the kind of religion that I want them to have. I want them to seek it themselves, not because some one tells them that the church is a club they ought not to miss, but because the good and beauty they see in the world make them want to seek God. I want them to see His hand in the blue waters of a river, in a shadow-caressed hill, in a burst of song in a tower that leaps towards the stars. I want Him made manifest to them in an act of sacrifice, a spirit of service, a life of unselfishness. The God of Moses, with beard and wings, is a miracle that we are not all given to see. But beauty is everywhere, and those that view it as a shadow of the Maker, Himself, will never have to be forced into a religion.

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The Trend of Events

Prohibition's Inside

THE SYNDICATED newspaper articles by Mabel Walker Willebrandt, sponsored by Current News Features, started off with a bang. In her first piece she charged that the Republican National Committee besought her to make her Springfield, Ohio, address urging the Methodist Church to plunge into partisan politics and "swing the election" for Hoover. She also charged that James Francis Burke, a Catholic, and counsel to the Committee, edited every word of her speech in advance. Mr. Burke has returned a denial that is inadequate and for the most part irrelevant.

Otherwise she has covered familiar ground—the influence of politics, which she calls the greatest handicap to enforcement, the degree of America's wetness, dry killings, rum row, corruption in high places, drinking dry Congressmen, the beer leak, the border leak, and the failure of some States to back up the Federal Government. Her conclusions, far from fresh, are frequently implausible.

The prohibition law, she says, can and will be properly and effectively enforced. "Undoubtedly, the cities are wet—but they are not hopelessly so." She condemns some of the killings by dry agents, but doesn't think that enforcement necessarily entails acts of violence. It is possible to buy intoxicants almost anywhere, but prohibition has nevertheless reduced liquor production and consumption. The Federal Government's arm is strong, but it needs to be reinforced by the State and municipal Governments. What is necessary at Detroit is development of team-play by the several dry forces. The opportunity before the Anti-Saloon League is to revive interest in the desirability of abstinence. The prohibition laws should be strictly enforced against Congressmen.

Occasionally her story quickens, as when she declares that, contrary to general belief, enforcement suffered a setback under General Lincoln Andrews. But, aside from her first article, her most startling statement is that out of our 100,000,000 population perhaps 20,000,000 believe in prohibition.

The people, she says, cannot be coaxed or scolded into law observance. "Consequently, enforcement is the necessary approach at this time. Enforcement in court. . . . Orderly enforcement. Strictly legal. . . . enforcement. Enforcement by trained, highly intelligent men. . . . Courageous enforcement. Enforcement backed up at Washington."

It never seems to occur to her that, if only 20,000,000 people believe in prohibition, the great need is not for enforcement but for repeal.

Underwood

TURNS WRITER

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, author of a series of articles on "The Inside of Prohibition"

Echoes of the Campaign

SENDING THE TEMPERATURE of dog days in Boston still higher, former-Mayor James M. Curley and Louis K. Liggett, Republican National Committeeman from Massachusetts, have clashed arms. Mr. Liggett has charged that, during the last Presidential campaign, anti-Catholic literature was paid for and circulated by Mr. Curley, Democrat and Catholic, in a deliberate attempt to rouse popular ire against the Republican party. Boston's ex-Mayor, who is seeking to be Mayor again, replies roundly that this is a lie. He has begun action by which he hopes to secure indictments for criminal libel. He proposes minute inspection of the part played by the religious issue in Massachusetts during the recent campaign. Several days ago he promised that his appearance before a grand jury, apropos the Liggett accusation, would rock the Nation.

Any secrets that Mr. Curley can divulge to set the Nation rocking he had best divulge. Two clamorous issues were raised during the Smith-Hoover campaign. One was the relation between church, particularly the Methodist Church, and politics; the other was anti-Catholicism. Now that the voting is done, a good many questions will still bear answering. Mrs. Willebrandt's articles have indicated answers to some of those which concern church and politics. It remains to be shown just who circulated and sponsored the mass of anti-Catholic propaganda last year. If Mr. Curley can trace the course of anti-Catholicism in Massachusetts during the campaign, he may help investigators to trace its course in the country as a whole.

A Tariff on Ideas

TOGETHER WITH THE OLD provision against the importation of "obscene and lascivious" literature, the House tariff bill contains a paragraph protecting us against "seditious and anarchistic" ideas from abroad. The section has provoked considerable criticism; not even its proponents have seen fit to justify it. Yet unless the Senate balks it may become law.

As exercised by customs censors, the present ban has been extended to the English edition of Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," and to certain editions of Voltaire's "Candide." A few years ago Boccaccio's "Decameron" was a sufferer; so was Rousseau's "Confessions."

If the proposed provision became law, "All Quiet on the Western Front" might be doubly banned, since it expresses ideas on war which might conceivably affright our patriotic customs service, thoughts which ran through many an American soldier's weary head as he sprawled in mud and turned his face up to drizzling or flaming skies.

Customs officials, judging from experience, would construe the amendment both sweepingly and ignorantly. They could, if they pleased, censor

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many of the great European works on political science, history, labor movements, and revolution. They could cut us off from much of the economic and political thought of the rest of the world. They could, for instance, bar Bertrand Russell's "Proposed Roads to Freedom," with its extracts from Communist manifestoes and song books.

No exceptions are made for libraries or universities. Expansion of the great collection of Russian documents, assembled by President Hoover and donated to Leland Stanford University, would stop. Had the provision been in effect ten years ago, Mr. Hoover would have had to dump his "seditious and anarchistic" literature into the harbor at Quarantine. Similarly, Harvard University's attempt to collect papers bearing on the Russian revolution as raw material for historians would become illegal.

The proposal, declares Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of Harvard, is a "kindergarten measure which assumes that the American people are so stupid and untrustworthy that it is unsafe to let them read anything about revolution." The Senate should kill it.

▶▶*Ungodly America*

ANOTHER BOOK on which customs inspectors have recently sat down hard is Kanhaya Lal Gauba's "Uncle Sham." Mr. Gauba writes that the truth about American life may be made known "as fully as Miss Mayo has made known what she only believed to be the truth about India." There is a great and worthy side to America, he says, but it has been overwhelmed and rendered negligible since the War. The America of to-day is un-Christian, ungodly, heathen, "a country running wild with cant, perversion, and every sin damned from Adam and Eve to the Twelve Apostles."

Time and again he scores a bull's-eye. Time and again he misses the target. But misses, like hits, must be chalked up against Americans themselves, he declares; his documentation is drawn almost wholly from American sources. From any sources and all sources — H. L. Mencken's *Americana,* Stephen Graham's *New York Nights,* the Macfadden publications, the report of the Chicago Commission on International Relations—so long as they provide him with sufficiently derogatory testimony. Thus America is to him a land where fathers shut daughters in asylums and seize their inheritances, where farmerettes wear one-piece bathing suits, where sightly girls are shaved in barber shops. It is a land of lynchings, police brutality,

Times Publishing Co., Lahore, India

"UNCLE SHAM"
Jacket design for Kanhaya Lal Gauba's answer to "Mother India"

packed juries, bombings, race riots, anti-evolution statutes, political corruption, immorality, venereal diseases. "The venereal plague. . . . claims nearly 90 per cent of the United States' population."

In America the family has come to an abrupt end. Marriages are generally failures. Prostitution and illegitimacy are much in evidence, as are necking and souse parties. "The practice of abortion is painfully common." Wall Street controls legislation, declares war, makes peace. The law is flatly defied. "The Dollar to the American is something of his God." Perhaps in no other country "are Christian morals and Christian ethics so openly flouted."

Any attempt at a brief summary does Mr. Gauba's book an injustice, makes his case, strong in parts but feeble as a whole, seem even weaker than it is. One might direct that the book be read as a tonic to the American sense of proportion, but that would be a difficult assignment now that the customs agents have patted adult Americans on the head and intimated that they are too young to know about such things.

▶▶◀◀

Ex Cathedra

In this matter of closing saloons I am fortunately not compelled to solicit the approval of either the saloon keeper or his clients. All that belongs to the dark ages of democracy from which we have now happily emerged.—BENITO MUSSOLINI.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶*Revolt of the Sucker*

AMONG MANY OTHER THINGS, Mr. Gauba has discovered the genus sucker, indigenous to the land of Uncle Sham. Quoting from Stephen Graham, he presents the sucker as the man who "pays from twenty to thirty dollars for a quart of bicarbonated cider wine costing fifty-eight cents," who "sits at a cramped table in the atmosphere of stale smoke, sour wine, and woolly-witted befuddlement to which a hostess introduces Harry K. Thaw or some other hero of the slippery first page," who "watches anaemic, scantily-dressed, and pathetic little girls prance about, ogling some aged and amative decadent," and "sees some former movie star like a frail, fever-eyed ghost in a far-off corner dying—dying happily of cocaine."

Yet just now the suckers—those who remain—are dying—dying unhappily of loneliness. So reports the *New York World,* after going the rounds on Broadway after dark and finding the night clubs in a state of unprecedented desertion. True, summer is always a slack season for whoopee; but never before has business been as bad as it has been this summer. The *World* concludes that the sucker has soured on his rôle; that the publicity given to Texas Guinan's genial, classic greeting, "Hello, sucker!" is shifting the laugh to the other side of the cabaret owner's face; that the worm, in short, is turning.

Wintertime will tell. The chances are, however, that the worm, if he is turning, is not turning toward home and fireside. The number and gullibility of suckers are more or less constant; it is only the lure that varies. No doubt this is true in India as well as in America.

▶▶*Sino-Russian Relations*

AT THE BOTTOM of the Russian-Chinese dispute is Russia's demand for the restoration of the status quo ante. Moscow has declared that, before the negotiations can proceed, Russian associate managers of the Chinese Eastern Railway, operated jointly by the two countries until the recent seizure, must be reinstated. Nanking has balked, partly, perhaps, because it dislikes to back down before the world, partly because it hates to lose whatever has been gained.

While their diplomats have feinted and sparred, both powers have massed

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troops at strategic points along the Siberian-Manchurian border. The result could have been foreseen. Small forces of Russians have penetrated into Chinese territory, while Chinese units, aided by White Russians, have raided towns in Siberia. The number of the forays has been exaggerated, but it seems certain that there have been several.

Each side, therefore, has been given a more or less plausible excuse for forgetting the Kellogg treaty, under which they are free to fight in self-defense. Nor is this their only excuse. China might contend that its life was threatened by the propaganda of Soviet railway officials, Russia that it could not afford to lose its short rail connection with Vladivostok, its only port on the Pacific. Thus the war-renouncing treaty is shown to have a hole in it.

Not only in the warlike steps they have taken, but in their reasons for refraining from war, both Nanking and Moscow, despite their protestations, seem to have left the treaty out of consideration. Russia has hoped to avoid a war because, in view of her industrial program, she cannot afford to fight on this remote frontier, and because she does not relish the prospect of becoming embroiled with Japan, whose forces in Southern Manchuria bristle at the very thought of a Russian invasion. China has preserved the peace because her forces would be no match for the Red Army, because she is uncertain of the allegiance of important war-lords, and because, even now, her huge armies, which she wishes to demobilize, take about 85 per cent of Government funds. Of all the reasons for avoidance of open warfare, the Kellogg pact apparently has been the least important.

▸▸*Mid-West Wallingford*

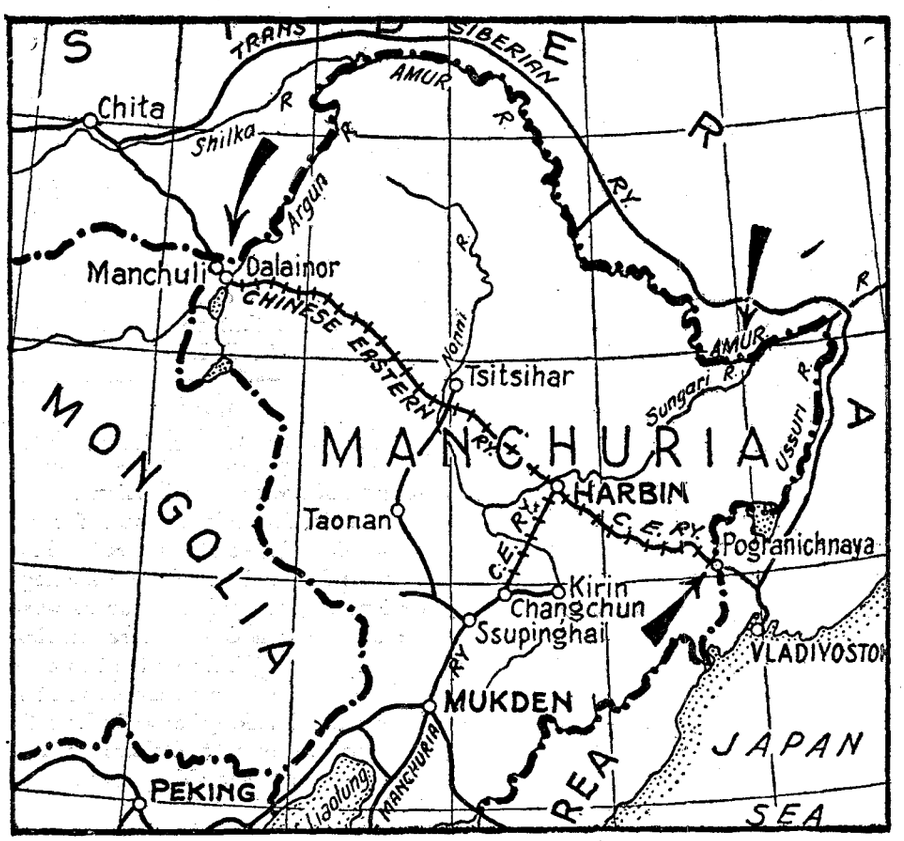
FEW STOCK TICKERS chatter in rural Wisconsin, but remoteness from Wall Street was no obstacle to Elmer C. Huckins of Hancock. During lulls in his grocery business, Mr. Huckins worked out a "system" and put it to work. He shared his secret with his son, George, who had ambitiously removed to Iowa, where he managed a Cedar Rapids pool hall.

Within forty-five days, an investment of $150 was made to earn $5, at the rate of 26 per cent per annum. Inviting investments, the Huckinses began to pile up fortunes. Mr. Huckins soon maintained a house in Chicago, an apartment in Milwaukee, a summer home with a private race-track in Hancock, a string of horses, and a private railroad car for trips to California. George employed his wealth no less splendidly. In addition to a $400,000 home and a fleet of cars, he owned the Cedar Rapids baseball team.

But for interfering Federal authorities, Elmer and his son might still be quietly creating wealth for their thousands of Western clients, none of whom invested less than $150, some of whom plunged for as much as $20,000. Not a few of them may resent the disturbing action of the authorities, for Elmer paid dividends regularly. Some say he was connected with the "cigar business." Others, including Chicago wholesalers with whom he is supposed to have dealt, say no. At any rate, money poured into Elmer's hands in such quantities that one assistant secretary reports sending out between five and six hundred announcements of dividends within three days to persons whose names were listed in a "big book."

Meeting Federal authorities to answer a charge of using the mails to defraud, Elmer declined to divulge the method whereby he makes money sprout faster than any one since Mr. Ponzi. He realizes that others might be tempted to "work the scheme" in competition.

It was soundly predicted that the recent wave of stock speculation would result in many embezzlements, bank failures, and schemes to defraud. It might well have been predicted that the gullibility of the average man, excited by rumors of vast earnings, would lead him to place credulence in "systems" at which, in less feverish financial times, he might turn up a skeptical nose.



Courtesy of N. Y. *Times*

WAR ZONE

Repeated skirmishes have been reported at the three border points indicated by arrows

▸▸*St. Paul*

SOON AFTER the Hague conference opened, Philip Snowden, perhaps five feet tall and frail as a feather, pulled himself slowly to his feet from the conference table. Supporting his crippled body on two canes, he reached into overflowing compartments of facts, extracted materials for blasting arguments, and flung them at the startled conferees like hand-grenades. Britons, he said, never would be slaves to the Young plan; Britain bluntly demanded a larger share of German reparations. When he concluded and lowered himself into his

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Underwood

HERO OF THE HAGUE

Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British Labor Government

chair the British Chancellor of the Exchequer became a world figure.

Mr. Snowden's friends call him the St. Paul of the Labor Party. His evangelical fervor is devoted to the mastery of economics and finance and to the gradual erection of a Socialistic state. Work and study are—apparently they really are—his hobbies. He is a Puritan radical, a type peculiar to England, who would abolish capitalism and preserve the Wesleyan Church. Continental Socialists fail to understand him. He talks their economic language, but his ethics and morality are as bourgeois as a London suburbanite's. Like Premier MacDonald he is a moderate, hoping that a new economic system will gradually be established through Parliamentary action. British Conservatives respect his knowledge of finance; Liberals honor his honesty; MacDonald Laborites admire his intelligence; extremists denounce him as a traitor to the cause.

A bicycle accident in youth left him a cripple and forced upon him a sedentary life. Suffering seems to have steeled his will. Evidently it also steeled his tongue. There are few stronger, as the amazed French delegate who heard his adroit arguments dismissed as "grotesque and ridiculous" will testify.

Born in 1864, he was educated at a Board School and privately. In 1906 he entered the House of Commons, where he remained until 1918 as member from Blackburn. With the leaders of his party he opposed the war, but served on the Liquor Control Board, a work harmonizing with his belief in prohibition. Named Chancellor of the Exchequer in the first Labor Government, he balanced the budget to the last farthing. A front-bencher, he sits between, and is almost hidden by, MacDonald and Henderson. It was he who last year called Winston Churchill's budget "a fantastic, half-baked monstrosity."

His attitude during the early days of the Hague conference made him a national hero in Britain, where the sentiments he voiced are widespread, and where his violation of diplomatic amenities is minimized. Rallying Britons around himself, he also rallied them around the Labor Government, thereby brightening its prospects of longevity.

▸▸*Spain's Dictatorship*

PRIMO DE RIVERA'S PLANS for a governmental system to succeed his dictatorship—which, he says, will end in 1931—have struck rough going. The strong General Labor Union Congress declines, without regrets, his invitation to assist in the National Assembly's discussion of the proposed new Constitution. Long opposed by Spanish intellectuals, typified by the exiled philosopher, Unamuno, the Premier now incurs the open hostility of groups more representative. The military revolt in January, the students' uprising in March, and the present defiance by working-class spokesmen, indicate that the dictatorship rests on wabbly props.

The labor leaders want no part of the "Asiatic absolutism" in De Rivera's Constitution, which confers vast powers on the King and sharply limits those of Parliament. They "aspire to free, democratic, republican government." They reject the new Constitution because of its anti-democratic origin, because it blocks social and economic reforms, because it threatens Spain's remaining liberties, and because through it the dictatorship "only wants to legitimatize its illegal dictatorial position." There never was a good Spanish Constitution, they say, but there never was one as bad as this. As for the scheduled plebiscite on the adoption of the Constitution, they repudiate it in advance as a fake.

Obviously, De Rivera has failed where Mussolini has succeeded—in commanding popular support, discouraging rebellion, and shaping the Government to dictatorial ends. After six years in power, he can point with pride to few of his domestic or foreign policies. The budget, severely strained by the wars in Morocco, is lopsided, foreign trade is still unsatisfactory, and the Government leans heavily on the loans of English and American bankers. To be sure, the illiteracy rate is being steadily reduced. The Premier may regard that as a promising sign. His enemies may, too.

▸▸*Co-operating Farmers*

AS LONG AS THE MONEY HOLDS OUT, there may be no need to persuade the farmers to establish co-operatives. That has been done by the announcement that the Farm Board will dip into the Treasury only at the request of recognized associations. Before the Board have appeared representatives of the wool-growers, with plans for a co-operative in one hand and a plea for money in the other. Representatives of the cotton-

Underwood

TOTTERING?

General Primo de Rivera, Spain's Mussolini, pictured in cap and gown

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growers followed, likewise with a co-operative program and a prayer for credit. Having been granted loans from the intermediate credit banks equal to 65 per cent of crop value, the cotton-growers now seek 90 per cent. In five weeks, thirty-eight other groups have appeared, doubtless with the same zeal for co-operation and funds.

The virtues of mergers, preached by the Board, have appealed to others than those to whom they were directly recommended. Individuals have organized a $50,000,000 merger of fruit and vegetable co-operatives to apply big business methods to the marketing of apples and raspberries, string beans and broccoli. Incorporated in Delaware, the United Growers of America includes sixty co-operatives in twenty-five States, controlling much of the fruit and vegetable production outside California.

Announcing a purpose to limit dividends to 8 per cent, the association promises to stabilize prices to the advantage of the consumer, who may be skeptical as well as hopeful. Organized in accordance with the agricultural marketing act, perhaps so that it can apply for its share of Government subsidies, it seeks the Farm Board's approval, which may not easily be withheld. Only at the risk of belittling the often-praised initiative of the individual can the Government claim a monopoly in sponsoring food mergers.

For the producers, the mergers promise benefit. How they will affect the consumer can only be discovered in the operation of the system which the Administration, despite its well-advertised antipathy toward State Socialism, is busily establishing to permit the control of the supply, the marketing, and the price of vital necessities.

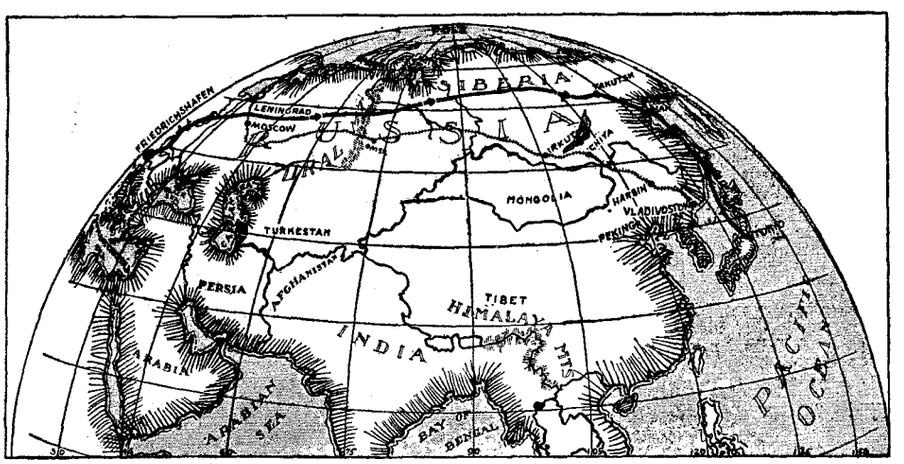
▸▸*Palais de France*

On October 1, the Century, white elephant of New York theatres, will be razed. In its place, in an incredibly short time, a $50,000,000-peak will puncture the skyline, to direct toward France the industrial, commercial, social, and cultural attention of North America. The Palais de France, sixty-five stories high, built by the French Government, will house the French consulate, commercial attaché, and many official promotion agencies. It will also house exhibition rooms, two large banks, and a 1,200-room hotel.

The project is decidedly in the grand manner. In a thirty-story hotel, operated by a famous Paris hostelry, there will be apartments, modern decorations, and a restaurant—all de grande luxe. On the street floor and in the arcade and foyer, French retail merchants will open stores. Above, three floors will be devoted to a permanent international automobile exhibition, two to airplane exhibits, two more to boats and small yachts, several more to business offices. Above these will be galleries and an "Académie des Beaux Arts," where will be taught history, literature, modern business methods, contemporary French art, and language. Americans, presumably, may dash upstairs for a French lesson before coping with the menu in the restaurant below.

The experiment, unprecedented in the history of commerce and international relations, will be watched with interest. American culture, fashions, and cuisine stand to benefit. Perhaps France will not be altogether a loser. Together with the report that this summer's French tourist trade suffered considerable shrinkage, it is noted that the Palais de France allots large quarters to the National Tourist Bureau, where a campaign to advertise French resorts will be launched and where tourists will find assistance in planning their European trips.

Thus the French Republic prepares to talk business to the United States—in American.



Courtesy N. Y. *Sun*

ROUTE TO TOKIO

Course of the Graf Zeppelin, which recently made the 2680 mile trip from Friedrichshafen, Germany in 46 hours 28 minutes

▸▸*The Croydon Mystery*

Now is the time for a hand across the sea—a tapering, sensitive hand holding the magnifying glass no crack sleuth is ever without. Croydon, England, has produced a triple murder mystery which, so far, detectives and even the famous Superintendent Brown of Scotland Yard have not been able to unravel.

In April, 1928, Edmund Duff died, poisoned—it has since been discovered—by arsenic contained in a bottle of beer. Last February, his sister-in-law, Miss Vera Sidney, was the victim of arsenic poisoning, administered in soup. Two months later, her mother died. Arsenic was found in her medicine. No clues or motives have been unearthed.

In England the affair is, of course, a grim case for justice. But Americans, to whom newspapers have presented it with literary flourishes as "the mystery of the century," may be tempted to whip out the "Baffle Book" and come to Scotland Yard's aid. If so, the recent fictional crime wave, which has turned all good citizens into hammock criminologists, should stand them in good stead.

It must be established, first, that the Sidney home is a great, gloomy mansion, surrounded by high walls; that the atmosphere therein is dank, unnatural, portentous. Next, it must be established that it was snowing when the three murders were committed; this to give full significance to foot-prints. Next, a secret will and testament. Next, a scrap of paper containing the floor plan of the house. Next, suspicious actions by the cook and butler, both foreign, accompanied by plenty of banging doors, cryptic telephone messages, and abstruse books on rare poisons written in a foreign language. The rest is easy. There must be interviews with every one concerned and carefully tabulated alibis. The individual with the best alibis is the murderer. The end.

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▶▶*Earth Adjusts Itself*

MEN ARE SURPRISED when an earthquake such as the one which recently shook New York State—and brought from California generous offers to raise an earthquake fund—occurs in what is generally thought of as a non-earthquake or aseismic region. It is as if quakes had no business in such an assuredly safe place. Yet civilized man, especially in the New World, knows only to a relative degree which regions are aseismic. It takes more than four hundred years of occupancy to find out, for such a period and many more like it may easily fall between Nature's quakings.

Most earthquakes are nothing but the shocks which result when deeply buried rocks are fractured, slip, and suddenly come to rest. If a timber in a house should slip an inch, carrying with it the floor one stood on, then come to rest on some obstruction an inch lower, there would be a "housequake." Earthquakes result from, and relieve, accumulated stresses. Hence the safest period immediately follows the quakes. Just at that time, however, builders are found making the best provision against quakes. Years later, when stresses deep in the earth are again accumulating, they relax. Thus San Francisco recently eased up on quake-resisting strength requirements in her building code.

The earthquake that shook the Northeast had its origin in Western New York State and the presumption—as good as any, where there is little provable fact—is that it was one of a series of shocks taking place since the glacial epoch. At that time the Northeast bore on its back a mantle of heavy ice a mile thick. The added weight gradually depressed the earth's crust locally into its deeper viscous interior. When the ice melted off, the crust, unloaded, began gradually to rise, and is still rising. An analogous effect may be obtained by denting a pillow and then watching its surface slowly rise to the original position. We may assume that many feathers slip by one another with tiny, unnoticeable jars. So in the rocks of the ancient area of glaciation do many strata slip and snap. Result—earthquakes.

▶▶*Co-ordinating Patriots*

HARDLY HAD FRED R. MARVIN'S Data Sheets expired for want of financial support when there burst into flower *The Coalitionist*, organ of the American Coalition, founded in April by scores of patriotic and fraternal organizations. The Coalition is not the successor of any former group, though its aims are remarkably familiar. Fundamentally, it will strive "to co-ordinate patriotic efforts to Keep America American." Its immediate objects will be to work for quotas for immigration from Mexico and the West Indies, the registration of aliens, and a more effective deportation law.

Taking a longer view, it purposes to combat all organizations "fostering alien doctrines and theories." Some of these groups, it says, urge production for service, not profit; others seek the common ownership of property. Some think happiness will be advanced through trial marriage; others desire free love. Some "find the foundation for their doctrines in utterances of Jesus the Christ," while others oppose all religions as opium of the people. Some would attain their ends by non-aggressiveness, others by violence. But all "tend to one end—the abolition of our form of Government." All lean toward ideas dangerous to our institutions, "including the church and the home." Mrs. A. J. Brosseau, Mr. Marvin, and other members of *The Coalitionist's* editorial board might well sign themselves, "Your loving home defender," like Carry Nation.

American homes cannot be defended or institutions preserved without funds. The Coalition therefore invites "every American in the land" in harmony with its principles to become a Contributing Member for annual dues of $2 ($1 to members of orders represented on the Advisory Board), a Regular Member for $10, an Associate Member for $25, or a Patron for $100. He is also granted the privilege of becoming a Life Member for $250, an Associate Benefactor for $500, or a Benefactor for $1000. Any one interested in becoming one of these things for one of these prices should apply for membership, enclosing remittance payable to R. B. Wilson, Treasurer. The project should have particularly strong appeal to those who failed to realize their ambition of contributing "$10 a quarter for eleven quarters" to the *National Republic's* campaign against "destructive radicalism."

Remarkable Remarks

No journalism is more independent or more free than the Fascist.—COUNT GIOVANNI ELIA

Ladies at eighteen or 100 are much the same.—ARTHUR BRISBANE

The prophecy that we may have smellies as well as talkies is not so extravagant as it seems.—ELSIE MCCORMICK

Lot's wife turned around to look back and turned into salt. If Reed [Senator Smoot] ever glances back we are going to have a human sugar bowl on our hands.—WILL ROGERS

To change a Curry for Koenig isn't worth the trouble.—NORMAN THOMAS

I just hold to the philosophy that in the end the best politics is playing the game squarely.—MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT

When an irresistible force meets an immovable body the result is a merger.—"BUGS" BAER

▶▶*In Brief*

THE ON LEONG AND HIP SING TONGS have declared a national and permanent truce. Other national and permanent truces are expected to be declared from time to time, as necessary . . . . Both Harry F. Sinclair and Henry Mason Day, serving terms in the District of Columbia jail, have asked for commutation of sentence, which suggests that the cause of all their troubles may be nothing more than a lack of a sense of proportion . . . . The present duty on raw sugar is $2.20 a hundred pounds (Cuban sugar $1.76). The House tariff bill made these rates $3 and $2.40. The Republicans of the Senate Finance Committee now make them $2.75 and $2.20. This is known to the Old Guard as "revision downward" . . . . The Edgar Allan Poe Society has asked Commander Byrd to name something after the author in the Antarctic. Why not rechristen it South Poe? . . . . That Italian aviator who has invented an airplane-automobile, capable of running as well as flying, seems to have provided a clinching answer to the well-known question, "What are we coming to?" . . . . The nineteen 75-foot Coast Guard cutters which will fight rum-runners on the Great Lakes will carry not only machine guns, rifles, and revolvers, but also one-pounders, to be known as "signal guns." Thus a bootlegger whose craft has been shattered by one of these guns may quiet his fears with the knowledge that he has merely been signaled . . . . In his speech at Madi-

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son, Virginia, Mr. Hoover said: "I often think the test of good neighbors is whether one can always be sure when the family meets an emergency it can cheerfully borrow a half dozen eggs or a few extra dishes." According to the *New York Times* correspondent, this was greeted with "a roar of merriment." Obviously, more is expected of a President's wits than of his wit.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOUGH WE ARE frequently amused at the smugness of these Republicans, we must pay tribute to their stolidity. They seem to be impervious to dissentious issues or personalities. They are well named "The Old Guard"—dying but never divulging the cause of their taking off. The unity among diverse elements of the Republican party, in view of unhealed bitterness caused by the 1928 presidential scramble, the divergence of sentiment on prohibition, the conflict of easterners and westerners on tariff and disarmament, and deep-rooted personal jealousies, is one of the wonders of modern politics. We have never been able to figure out why this faculty of closing their minds and hearts to every consideration save party victory should have been vested in the G. O. P., whereas the Democrats can and do quarrel upon the slightest pretext. There may be something to the theory that the temporal ties which represent present-day Republicanism are more binding than the so-called moral principles which divide the Democrats.

It is the coming autumn meeting of the Republican National Committee which stirs these thoughts. We find enough provocative questions before the Grand Old Party at the present moment to necessitate considerable laundry work and some washing of soiled linen in the political backyard. But we predict that no spotted garments or reputations will hang on the line, and that the departure of Republican worthies from the Capital late in the month will see only white—and stuffed—shirts flapping from the political pulleys.

Prohibition and religion—those two issues which sent the Democrats to their most historic defeat under the leadership of Alfred E. Smith—plague the Republicans as an aftermath of November's outcome. Louis K. Liggett, the big drug store man and Massachusetts Committeeman, thinks that the dry laws should be changed so that "a man can get a drink." He violated all the canons of good Republicanism with this blunt declaration at a G. O. P. outing in the Bay State. His associates in New England and coastal states share his views, if only because the official dryness of the national party will injure their organizations' chances in state and local contests. George W. Wickersham, a former Cabinet member and elder statesman, has recommended "modification." Even Senator Borah, in private conversation, voices discouragement over enforcement evils and talks timidly of the necessity for repeal or revision. Mrs. Charles H. Sabin has quit as New York National Committeewoman to mobilize the ladies of the nation against the dry laws. F. H. LaGuardia is will-o'-wisping after the New York Mayoralty as the G. O. P. candidate with the slogan of "wetter than Walker." The venerable committeemen, we hear, chafe under Mabel Walker Willebrandt's published charge that they and their political underlings incite prohibition lawlessness. In many ways the wet-and-dry issue has been flung into their midst.

Marcus in N. Y. *Times*

The New Member

Yet we predict there will not be any explosion on the subject, other than the popping of corks in upstairs hotel rooms along Pennsylvania Avenue. Privately they may concede that something ought to be done or there ought to be a new law. But we venture they will munch an aspirin or a stick of gum and descend the lift to greet the correspondents with the solemn statement that "prohibition was not discussed."

Several influential members, we understand, feel vaguely that James Francis Burke, the committee's general counsel, should be retired for the part Mrs. Willebrandt says he played in raising the religious issue last fall. They do not question Mr. Burke's denial or integrity, but they think he has outlived his usefulness. Burke, in their opinion, should walk the plank along with Dr. Hubert Work, whose rocking of the political boat grieved every G. O. P. sailor, from Navigator Hoover down to Chaplain Willebrandt. Yet we expect to hear that "Mrs. Willebrandt's charges were not taken up," and to read an even more flowery testimonial to Dr. Work than President Hoover gave him.

Claudius Huston of Tennessee, who may succeed Work, is an exceptionally charming and able man, but we know that the regular politicians do not appreciate the qualities that commend the Tennessean to Mr. Hoover. They think him to be too representative of the business-and-bustle group with which the Chief Executive is recruiting a "Young Guard" of his own. The Hustons, like the Hoovers, are not sufficiently sensitive to considerations of patronage and personal politics, in the opinion of the professionals. Yet Mr. Huston will be chosen chairman, if the President wishes it, and amid cheers.

Personal feuds will, of course, be forgotten. What, for instance, could be more touching than the restraint shown by National Committeeman Charles D. Hilles of New York, who led the "Old Guard" in its die-hard attempt to block Mr. Hoover's nomination! Despite a Mayoralty election on his own political doorstep, and this extremely important reorganization of the G. O. P., Mr. Hilles has sailed for a long vacation in Europe. Such submergence—such delicacy—such discretion!

They do these things well, these Republicans! A. F. C.

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The Years of Man

An Editorial by Morris Fishbein

THE DAYS of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Psalm XC.

Of late the propagandists of various schemes for rejuvenation and for prolonging human existence on our planet have begun to sneer at the ancient prognostication of the psalmist. Whether they promote the transplantation of glands, the injection of extracts, starvation diets, or periodical physical examinations as the figurative elixir that will add years to our lives, they postulate invariably the possibility that the time will soon come when the majority of human beings will survive to one hundred years of age. With these soothsayers the pathologists disagree. The erudite scientists, basing their opinions on long study of the human tissues and on their knowledge of the natural history of the cells that form the structure of the body, assert that the tissues undergo certain definite stages of evolution, maturity and involution, and that there is, therefore, a fixed limit to human life. The contrast between the two views is the invariable contrast between two types of human thinking: the Pollyanna attitude which says a thing is so because the thinker wants it to be so, and the cold, implacable observation and reasoning of the scientist which takes things as they are and waits to see what the future will develop. Until the last few months the optimists who embarrassed the scientists by the promulgation of their notions seemed to have figures at their command to sustain their beliefs. Now statistics begin to appear that will give pause to the Pollyannas.

Between 1825 and 1925 the life expectancy of a child born in the United States increased from thirty-three years at birth to about fifty-eight years. A century ago the man who reached fifty years of age had a life expectancy of 21.2 years, whereas the life expectancy of the man reaching fifty years today is 21.5 years. Thus only three tenths of a year additional life expectancy has been gained for the man who has passed middle age. The figures cited sustain the view of the pathologist. Barring accident and infectious disease, and the latter is an accident in the scientific sense of the term, the human cell tends to pass through three stages in its development and death. A period of growth occupies its progress from birth to twenty-five years in the female and twenty-eight years in the male. It passes through maturity from twenty-five to fifty-five for the woman, and from twenty-eight to sixty-five for the man. Thereafter it undergoes involution, and if able to survive the vicissitudes of human existence, reaches natural senile death between eighty and ninety. The optimists try to answer this accurate observation by pointing to the fact that a turtle lives two hundred years but the tissues of the turtles are not the cells of man and its life is spent in water and mud. The argument, far from offering analogy, merely confirms the views of the pathologists. It is no doubt true that a human being who lived entirely with a view to permitting each cell of his body to secure a maximum existence might live a few years longer, but life eternal his cells would never have. After all what is life worth with "gradually flagging desire, and failing powers," with disillusionment, fading pleasures and inevitably death?

An eminent biometrician is convinced by his figures that the length of our lives is governed by the constitutions conferred on us by our ancestry. With these constitutions we have an inherent vitality. The rate at which we use up our inherent vitality is associated with the term of our existence. The great gains that have been made in life expectancy have been achieved by overcoming infant mortality and the infectious diseases of childhood. These are, in the scientific definition of the term, accidents that have been controlled through scientific prevention of disease, just as a wooden guard keeps the machine operator from getting his fingers under the drill or the knife. Of recent years there has been an actual decrease in life expectancy after forty years of age almost sufficient to offset the gains made in earlier years. The expectation from age 45 to 50 years on is, according to one accurate statistician, the lowest now of any that has ever been on record. The figures just announced by the health director for the state of Illinois show that the person of that state who reaches forty years of age now has an expectancy of only twenty-nine years, whereas a decade ago the figure was thirty. The director feels that errors in personal hygiene and in diet are largely responsible. The drift of the population to the cities, the changing conditions of human life, and the new hazards associated with modern civilization are causes for the decrease assigned by other authorities.

According to the statistician for one of our largest life insurance companies, the chief causes of death after middle-age are the degenerative diseases. Such conditions as high blood pressure and chronic kidney and heart disease can be somewhat controlled if detected in their incipiency. For such detection the periodical physical examination is offered. The same statistician has pointed out, however, that the application of all that we now know to the control of these diseases can increase life expectancy only from five to seven and one-half years. It must be remembered that these are years of illness, not years of maximum production. An increase of even ten years certainly does not mean life eternal. It means merely the control of accidents coming on during the period of maturity, whereas the control heretofore has been the control of the accidents of the period of evolution. When the period of maturity has passed, disease or no disease, the cell begins to undergo involution. At the end of involution is death.

There are then two conceptions of old age. The scientist has it that old age is the

(Please Turn to Page 719)

Where Is Mankind Going?

The secret of eternal youth is as far beyond the reach of the most advanced modern science, Dr. Fishbein shows, as it was beyond the search of Ponce de Leon. As editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, he speaks from comprehensive knowledge. He is one of the contributors to this editorial page who make up our list of witnesses to progress in their special fields of activity and thought. The next contributor will be Charles A. Beard

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Egypt and the "Four Points"

By T. R. YBARRA

WHEN I WAS in Egypt last year for the *New York Times* I said in a dispatch to that paper that one heard more about the Four Points in Egypt in 1928 than one did about the Fourteen Points in the United States in 1918.

Around the so-called Four Points hinged all the grievances of the Egyptian Nationalists against the British occupying their country; on the retention of the said Four Points was centered the entire British argument in the Egyptian Question. So, when news came the other day that Great Britain had proposed to grant what practically amounted to freedom to Egypt, the query immediately leaped to mind: "What of the Four Points?" Unbiased perusal of the British proposals, taken by King Fuad of Egypt and his Premier Mohammed Mahmud Pasha from London to Cairo last month, leaves one with a strong impression that, in talking of granting independence to Egypt, the British are once more trying to give the shadow instead of the substance.

That the Egyptian Nationalists will think so, if they play true to previous form, is almost certain. King Fuad and Premier Mahmud must present the British proposals to the Egyptian Parliament which, it is announced, will be convened next month. If, in that Parliament, there is not furious opposition to the proposed treaty on the part of the Egyptian Nationalists, then the latter have most amazingly changed their attitude toward the Four Points.

Despite fair words—which abound in the British proposals—the Four Points still stand practically unmodified. That irreconcilable Egyptian Nationalist, the late Zaglul Pasha, must be turning in his grave at the very thought that Egypt may accept the new British formula of "Independence" and thus allow the Four Points to be flaunted in her face as they have been since they came into existence seven years ago.

The Four Points are the reservations made by the British Government in the declaration whereby it recognized Egyptian independence in 1922. By these reservations Britain kept the right to (1) safeguard the communications of the British Empire in Egypt; (2) to protect foreign interests in Egypt and minorities resident there; (3) to defend Egypt against all foreign aggression and interference; and (4) to retain the Sudan under British control. With these strings attached, Egyptian Nationalists have always bitterly complained. The independence of their native land is no independence at all.

Now the British propose the acceptance by Egypt of proposals which, though they modify some of the reservations contained in the Four Points, modify it in a way that does not—to the naked eye—greatly increase Egypt's measure of freedom from British overlordship and, in some of the most essential points, fail to increase it at all.

Britain states her willingness to recognize the responsibility of the Egyptian government for the protection of foreign interests and minorities in Egypt and expresses her readiness to help bring about the termination of the so-called "capitulations." This, if carried out, will mean the cessation of the jurisdiction of foreign consular courts in Egypt and the recognition of the validity of Egyptian legislation with regard to foreign residents in the country. It would certainly constitute a modification of Point No. 2—though the Egyptian Nationalists will doubtless suspect the British of a mental reservation against letting the modification jeopardize their vital interests in Egypt.

THE OTHER three of the Four Points, it would seem to many an average observer, remain quite as much obstacles in the path of complete Egyptian independence as they were before.

Take Point No. 1.

Britain agrees to withdraw her troops from Cairo, Alexandria and other points in Egypt where there are now British garrisons, but—she *insists on keeping troops along the Suez Canal.* From the very beginning of the dispute between the independence party in Egypt and the British, the former have insisted that British occupation of the Suez Canal Zone constitutes a flagrant infringement of Egyptian sovereignty. The British counter by arguing that protection of the canal is absolutely essential to the safety of the communications between the British Isles and far-flung portions of the British Empire, such as India and Australia. It is often pointed out in England that, even if a British Government desirous of more friendly relations with Egypt should countenance the withdrawal of the British troops from the canal, the Australians would flatly refuse to acquiesce in it. "The day English troops march out of the Suez Canal Zone, Australian troops will march into it," one often hears in London.

As for Point No. 3, it would seem that England's privilege to "defend Egypt against all foreign aggression and interference" remains pretty much unimpaired in view of the fact that she now asks the King of Egypt, in the event of war or the menace of war, to furnish her "on Egyptian territory with all facilities and assistance in his power, including the use of ports, airdromes and means of communication." That looks very much like Egyptian agreement to another British occupation of Egypt whenever Britain feels that her interests demand it.

There remains Point No. 4—concerning the Sudan.

Egyptian Nationalists have always been dead against British control over the Sudan. They consider it an indivisible part of Egypt; the fact that it has not been so considered by the British in their dealings with successive Egyptian Governments has been always a galling thorn in Egyptian flesh. Now the British, in their new proposals, expressly state that Egypt is to agree that the status of the Sudan, as defined by the Conventions of 1899, shall not be altered. The Conventions of 1899, which followed upon the conquest of the Sudan by Kitchener, placed it under a degree of British control compared with which that over Egypt amounts to freedom. So, concerning this point also, there are sure to be fireworks when the Nationalists, in the next Egyptian parliament, get a chance to say what they think about the British proposals.

Before these can be embodied in a treaty they must be ratified not only by the Egyptian but by the British Parliament. And that brings up a feature of the situation not without humor to the outside observer: just as there is a likelihood that the Egyptian Parliament won't ratify the proposals, because they do not make enough concessions to Egypt, the British Parliament may reject them because they make too many!

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Among the Philistines

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

During the first year of her career, Carry Nation competed, as a source of news, with the death of Queen Victoria and the assassination of President McKinley, but not even these extraordinary events could keep her name off the first page. By some she was regarded as a menace, by some as her country's savior; but it was certain that she was a national figure and as such she was destined to shoulder her hatchet and come East

IN HONOR of her initial visit to New York, in the latter part of August, 1901, Carry Nation wore a new poke bonnet adorned with long white ribbons tied under her chin, a new dress of shiny black alpaca, and a linen duster which reached to her ankles. Over her shoulder was slung the satchel in which she carried miniature hatchets, photographs, souvenir buttons and sample copies of *The Smashers' Mail,* which she began to publish while in jail in Topeka; and strapped to her waist under the duster was a hatchet of unusual size, almost as large as a small broad-ax.

She was met at the railroad station by a score of newspaper reporters, and by a large and curious crowd which cheered her heartily as she strode vigorously through the waiting-room. But she received no greeting whatever from officials of the religious and temperance organizations; the few endorsements which they had given her crusade had been half-hearted and perfunctory, and they now, and afterward when she visited New York, ignored her. She observed the slight, and asked the reporters to inform "the poor creatures" that she would not embarrass them by any smashing "unless I see so many hell-holes that I can't stand it." The saloon-keepers, however, especially those in the Broadway theatrical district and in the Tenderloin, had made extensive preparations for her visit. Gaily ornamented hatchets, signs saying, "All Nations Welcome But Carry," and special drinks named in her honor and compounded of the strongest liquors, made their appearance; and the owners of many barrooms publicly invited her to call upon them, promising to provide bottles and kegs for her exercises and engaging press agents to see that they received due credit in the newspaper accounts. Others employed guards to protect their property. At the Hoffman House Bar at Thirtieth Street and Fifth Avenue, sentinels were posted at every entrance, with special orders to prevent the crusader from destroying the famous painting, "Nymphs and Satyrs," hung above the bar and said to be worth ten thousand dollars.

Nothing would have brought greater joy to Carry Nation's turbulent soul than a smashing campaign in New York, for she subscribed wholeheartedly to the mid-Western credo that the metropolis was the canker of a continent and the wickedest city since Gomorrah. But she never received even the slightest encouragement from New York prohibition forces, and although she frequently annoyed the metropolitan saloon-keepers by her caustic comment, she never used her hatchet upon their property; she was appalled by the magnitude and power of the eastern liquor traffic, and frightened by the obviously hostile attitude of the police. On this particular visit she was in New York only a few hours, and did not so much as enter a saloon. She was driven from the train to the hotel Victoria, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, where she registered as "Carry Nation, Your Loving Home Defender, Kansas," in an ungainly scrawl that filled half a page of the book. She turned from the desk after sniffing the clerk's breath and admonishing him sternly not to smoke, and immediately saw a marble figure of Diana poised gracefully above a fountain in the center of the lobby. She stopped and covered her eyes with her fingers.

"Look!" she shouted. "She ain't got a thing on!"

SHE CALLED loudly for the manager. When that functionary appeared she shook her hatchet at him and cried:

"Look here, my man, you cover up that nasty thing or there'll be a little hatchetation around here!"

A large piece of cheese-cloth was hastily procured and thrown over the statue, while the crowd which had pushed into the hotel to see the famous smasher proffered jocose advice, and Carry Nation went triumphantly to her suite. There she received the reporters, and presented to each a little hatchet inscribed "Carry Nation, Joint Smasher." Then she regaled them with an account of her mission and her exploits in Kansas, and sang them a song of her own composition, which ran as follows:

> Sing a song of six joints,
> With bottles full of rye;
> Four and twenty beer kegs,
> Stacked up on the sly.
> When the kegs were opened,
> The beer began to sing,
> "Hurrah for Carry Nation,
> Her work beats anything."

About eleven o'clock the crusader came down-stairs with her reportorial escort, and the entire party clambered into carriages. With Carry Nation and her manager leading in an open barouche drawn by a team of spirited black horses, the parade proceeded gaily down Fifth Avenue, attracting considerable attention because Carry Nation insisted upon carrying her hatchet across her shoulder as if it had been a rifle. Occasionally she brandished it wildly above her head, and whenever she passed a saloon she rose to her feet and shouted, "Rummies! Murderers! Hell-holes!" She had intended to call upon Acting Mayor Guggenheim, but he refused to see her, and the cavalcade stopped at length before Police Headquarters in Mulberry Street, where Police Commissioner Michael C. Murphy was induced to grant her an audience. Entirely surrounded by reporters, she bustled into his office, leaned over his desk and peered at him intently through steel-rimmed spectacles, and said:

"I've come for an account of your stewardship. Don't you think New York is an awful bad place?"

"No!" replied the Commissioner sharply. "I don't think anything of the kind!"

"Oh, yes, it is. It's full of hell-holes and murder shops."

"You don't know what you are talk-

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ing about," said Mr. Murphy. "You ought to go back to Kansas and stay there."

"Do you think I'm crazy?"

"Yes, I do."

"You say just what the wicked, riotous, rum-soaked, beer-swilled, bedevilled Republicans in Kansas say. And they don't believe it, either."

"Well, I believe it."

"Are you angry with me because I want these rum-holes closed, my Father?"

"What the devil do you mean, Madame?" shouted the Commissioner. "I'm not your father!"

"I know it," said Carry Nation. "But you look it. You're old enough to be my father. I'm fifty-five, and you're eighty-five if you are a day. But there is no shame in being old, my Father."

The indignant Commissioner, who was a veteran of the Civil War and very proud of his erect and soldierly figure, could only sputter incoherently. She continued:

"Father, don't you think a little hatchetation would be good for New York?"

"If you violate the law here, I'll have you locked up!" exploded the Commissioner.

"Now, Father." She patted his shoulder soothingly, and he flinched. "Don't be upset, Father. Good-bye, Father."

"Good-bye!" shouted the Commissioner. "And don't come back."

Carry Nation left the room chuckling, and in a corridor met Chief of Police William S. Devery, better known as Big Bill, who had just heard that she was in the building and was hurrying to enjoy the discomfiture of his superior officer. She talked to him for a moment, and when she was again in the street she said to the reporters:

"It'll take mighty strong wings to waft those men into Heaven."

A few days before Carry Nation arrived in New York, when her coming was the talk of the barrooms, John L. Sullivan had publicly boasted in his saloon in Forty-Second Street that "if that old woman ever comes around to my place, I'll throw her down the sewer." She now expressed a desire to see the noted pugilist.

"This Mr. Sullivan thinks he's mighty smart," she said. "I don't allow any man to stick me in a sewer hole. Not while I've got my senses."

The reporters joyfully escorted her to Forty-second Street. Sullivan's bulky figure was discerned among the loungers in front of the saloon door when the barouche whirled around the corner from Broadway, but when the vehicle stopped at the curb he had vanished. Carry Nation sent in her card, but the messenger returned with the information that Mr. Sullivan was asleep in his room upstairs and could not be disturbed.

"Well," she said, "you tell him I'll be back, and then we'll see if he'll stick me in a sewer hole."

The driver of the barouche clucked to his horses, and as the carriage rattled away, a shutter above the barroom slowly opened, and the great prize fighter appeared at the window, peering at the martial figure of the crusader. But, perhaps fortunately for John L. Sullivan, she did not look back. She went to a restaurant in Sixth Avenue for lunch, and was greeted at the door by a woman who wore an extremely low-cut dress and almost bubbled over with effusiveness.

"Oh, Mrs. Nation!" she cried. "I am so glad that you have come East to save our boys! I believe in temperance, myself. I really do."

"Is that so?" demanded Carry Nation, glaring angrily at the other's bosom. "Then you ought to go home and put about four inches more of solid cloth on top of your corset cover!"

Blushing indignantly, the woman flounced away and retreated to the sidewalk, where she stood for a moment apparently in deep thought. Then she flung the door open, looked in, and shouted:

"You go to hell, you old fool!"

She ran madly down the street while Carry Nation screamed with rage, plucked her hatchet from her girdle, and started in pursuit. But she was soon outdistanced, and returned to her meal.

"I'll not go to hell," she remarked, "but that woman will. God will see to that."

She left early in the afternoon for College Corners, Ohio, calmly ignoring the fact that her manager had booked her for a lecture that night at Ocean City, New Jersey. But she returned to New York on the morning of Sunday, September 1, 1901, and again went to the Hotel Victoria, where the marble Diana had been redraped with cheese-cloth in expectation of her coming, and half an hour later appeared in the lobby becomingly attired in a white piqué frock and cape, and the ubiquitous poke bonnet. A miniature hatchet encrusted with bits of colored glass was pinned to her breast, but she carried no weapons. Having first fortified herself for the day's labors by attending services at St. Patrick's Cathedral (though born a Campellite, she cared nothing for creeds and always went to whatever church was convenient), she returned to the hotel and caused great commotion among a group of cab drivers by questioning them closely about their morals. She finally found one who assured her that he didn't drink, smoke, chew, curse, gamble or trifle with women, and engaged this paragon to drive her to the Democratic Club, which a newspaper reporter had suggested as being worthy of her attention. She rolled grandly down the street, bowing regally to the crowd that surged shouting and laughing about her carriage, while her driver cracked his whip and urged his steeds into a trot. Once at the club she banged the great brass knocker, and when the door was opened she attempted to rush inside. But a servant stopped her, and she was arguing shrilly with him when the manager appeared.

"You cannot come in here, Madam," he said. "This is a gentleman's club."

"I want to hold a Sunday School and Bible reading in there," said Carry Nation.

"The club was not organized for that purpose," said the manager.

"That's what those rummies need," persisted Carry Nation. "Look at them glaring out the windows and puffing hell-fumes at me!"

But the manager slammed and locked the door, and the crusader turned to the reporters.

"Well," she said, "I'd hate to be in that man's shoes on Judgment Day."

When she returned to her cab she was horrified to see the driver smoking, and she scolded him so fiercely that at length he put the lash to his horses and galloped wildly down the street, puffing so vigorously at his cigar that long streamers of smoke curled behind him. He seemed to be on fire, and the crowd roared with glee. Carry Nation said that she would trust no more cab-drivers, and at the direction of the reporters she trudged across town to Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street, where she saw several men slip unostentatiously into the side doorway of a saloon on the southeast corner. She promptly followed them, but some one blew smoke in her face and she emerged

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gasping and choking, and thoroughly aroused.

"I'll smash your hell-hole for that!" she screamed.

She charged valiantly, but retreated in considerable haste when a bartender appeared in the doorway and not only threatened her with a bung-starter but puffed huge billows of cigar smoke at her.

"Isn't there a law to close this drunkard factory on Sunday?" she cried. "Those rummies are trying to poison me!"

The reporters urged her to visit other saloons in the neighborhood, the owners of which had never heard of the Sunday closing laws, but she insisted upon returning to the hotel for medicine to counteract the effects of the noxious tobacco fumes. She had lunch, while crowds waited patiently in the street, and during the afternoon she again sallied forth and visited the Tenderloin, which comprised, roughly, the area between Sixth and Eighth Avenues and Twenty-fourth and Forty-second Streets. She entered a saloon at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-first Street and scolded several men who were drinking at a table, and invaded another at Twenty-ninth Street, where the bartender assured her that he sold nothing but lemonade. However, she insisted upon tasting his wares, and when he gave her a glass of beer she shattered it upon the floor. Then the reporters hustled over to Eighth Avenue, where she aroused the manager of the Apollo Music Garden and rebuked him for engaging in such a nefarious business.

"Bring out your woman sinners," she demanded. "Let me save them."

"We have no sinners of either sex, Madam," said the manager.

She received a similar answer at the Abbey Music Hall, and for the next hour she roamed up and down Eighth Avenue, peering into saloons and shrilly predicting eternal damnation for their occupants. Meanwhile the crowd which had trailed her about the city had grown larger and more boisterous, and by five o'clock in the afternoon, Eighth Avenue was packed from curb to curb by a jostling mass of men and boys, through which street cars and vehicular traffic were unable to move. And it was probably as enthusiastic a throng as had ever assembled to watch the smasher at her labors, although it might have been expected that a New York crowd would be violently antagonistic, since it was well known almost everywhere that citizens of the metropolis were exceptionally depraved. But on this particular occasion every one was having a splendid time, and was exceedingly grateful for the diversion which Carry Nation had provided for a dull Sunday afternoon. She was wildly cheered as she bustled busily from place to place, but when she was arrested at 5.30 o'clock for blocking

From a contemporary cartoon in Life

traffic, the cheers gave way to roars of anger, and there was much talk of rescuing her. A policeman took her in custody at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street and started to the West Twenty-third Street police station, but the crowd was so turbulent and threatening that in half an hour he had gone but three blocks. He finally reached Twenty-fourth Street, where he released Carry Nation on condition that she return immediately to her hotel. She boarded a street car, and the mob soon sought other amusement.

That evening Carry Nation lectured in Carnegie Hall and delighted a large audience with a violent attack upon the corset, declaring that wearing it transformed a woman's heart, liver, lungs and intestines into a single and solid lump. Next day she went to Coney Island, where James E. Furlong, who had arrived from Rochester to assume in person the management of his protégée, had arranged for her to lecture twice daily at Steeplechase Park. She made the trip to the resort on the steamer Pegasus, of the Iron Steamboat Company's fleet, and broke the monotony of the voyage by chasing the waiters about the deck whenever they appeared with trays of beer. And so adept was she at this sport that presently they made their rounds in threes—one to carry the beverages and the others, armed with bung-starters, to repel the smasher. She contented herself, thereafter, with holding her nose when they passed and commenting upon their empurpled faces, which, she confided loudly to the other passengers, was the inevitable result of swilling beer. She was an attraction at Coney Island for ten days, and what time she was not lecturing she was scurrying around, snatching cigars and cigarettes, and annoying the managers and bartenders of saloons and open-air beer-gardens. It was her custom to step into one of these places and inquire, pleasantly, "How many souls have been murdered in this drunkard factory today?"

She was repulsed and disarmed when she attempted to smash the bar in the Steeplechase Auditorium, but on September 7 she made a successful attack upon Charles Wallenstein's cigar stand at the end of Steeplechase Walk. During the early afternoon she stood near the stand and watched with glaring eyes while several men bought cigars, lighted them and strode away puffing. At length she approached Mr. Wallenstein and said:

"Young man, don't you know that tobacco is an abomination to the human race?"

He stammered uncertainly, and she screamed:

"Answer me, you rummy!"

She had no hatchet, but she raised her satchel high above her head and brought it down upon the cigar case with a resounding smash, shattering the glass top. When a policeman arrived she bestrode the ruins like a shirted colossus, plucking cigars from the broken boxes and tearing them to bits while a huge crowd surged about the stand and howled in delight and pocketed as many cigars as possible. In Coney Island police court, her trial was

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postponed and she was remanded to jail, but when told to enter a patrol wagon she resisted so strenuously that a policeman, whom she described as "purple and bloated from beer drinking" became enraged and struck her with his night stick, breaking a bone in her right hand. She cried:

"Never mind, you beer-swilled, whisky-soaked, saturn-faced man! God will strike you!"

And later she wrote in her autobiography:

"In six weeks from that time this man fell dead in the streets of Coney Island."

The police finally handcuffed her, flung her into the wagon, and took her to jail, but she was soon released on bail furnished by George C. Tilyou, manager of Steeplechase Park. Next day she was found guilty of disorderly conduct, but sentence was suspended when she paid Mr. Wallenstein $100 for the damage done to his property, and she left the court-room denouncing the magistrate and the policemen as snakes and vipers. She remained at Coney Island a few days longer, but her engagement was not a financial success. Despite the attention she had attracted, the audiences which heard her diatribes against liquor and other evils were small, even after the price of admission had been reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five cents.

Throughout her career Carry Nation displayed an astonishingly vindictive animosity toward President William McKinley, based principally upon the fact that he was the head of the Republican Party, and of the government which granted Internal Revenue licenses to the Kansas jointists. In her editorials in *The Smashers' Mail,* and in her speeches, she frequently vituperated him as the friend and protector of the liquor traffic, and accused him of renting his property in Canton, Ohio, for saloon purposes. And, as she had done in her first smashings at Kiowa, Kansas, she continued to envision his downfall whenever she swung a hatchet against a bottle or a bar fixture. He was shot in Buffalo on September 6, 1901, by the anarchist Leon Czolgosz, and two nights later, while Carry Nation was lecturing at Coney Island, some one cried:

"What about the President now?"

"I have no tears for this McKinley!" she retorted. "Neither have I any for his assassin. I have no sympathy for this friend of the brewers."

A chorus of hisses and cat-calls interrupted her, and within a minute the audience was stamping and yelling angrily.

"Shut up, you sots!" shrieked Carry Nation. "My loyalty to the homes of America demands that I denounce such a President!"

Several men shouted "Lynch her!" and others hurled popcorn and peanuts, wads of wrapping paper, and other missiles, many of which struck her. But she brushed them aside, and instead of attempting to escape, leaned over the edge of the platform and screamed:

"You sots and hell-hounds! You'll all go to hell! God will strike you!"

The crowd surged forward, but suddenly turned and rushed into the street, where it dispersed after giving three cheers for McKinley. But inside the hall, Carry Nation continued to clamor denunciation and invective, and insisted upon finishing her speech, although the seats were empty. She was hissed again the next afternoon, and whenever she appeared on the streets she was jostled by threatening throngs. Her contract with Steeplechase Park was cancelled, and that night her manager, fearing serious trouble, induced her to leave Coney Island and New York. About a week later, after President McKinley had died in Buffalo, she went to Rochester, New York, to fill a lecture engagement, and was hooted and booed by an unruly crowd that met her at the railroad station. But she paid no attention to the uproar, and although the police advised her to remain in her hotel, declared that she was not afraid and insisted upon speaking as advertised. Her audience was large, and very restless, and when she mentioned McKinley's name, though not disparagingly, a man leaped to his feet in the rear of the hall and shouted:

"You ought to be lynched, you old wretch!"

"Sit down, you drunkard," screamed Carry Nation, but others took up the cry, and a score of angry men left their seats and began running down the aisles, while throughout the house men and women yelled threats and curses. Her face contorted with rage, Carry Nation shrieked at them for a moment, but when several stones hurtled from the crowd and crashed against the platform at her feet, she abandoned all thought of resistance and fled out the back way. She was standing uncertainly in a doorway, bewildered and afraid, when two policemen appeared and led her up the street, while the mob swept tumultuously behind them, throwing stones and yelling "Lynch her!" and "Get out of town, you old hag!" The situation became increasingly dangerous, and after struggling through the crowd for half a block the policemen sought refuge in a barroom, despite Carry Nation's fierce struggles and her vehement shouts that she would rather die than accept the protection of a saloon-keeper. Once inside, she attempted to wreck the bar, but was restrained, and the door was barred and locked. But the mob attacked the windows, and when a large panel of plate glass was smashed, the policemen rushed the crusader through a side entrance into an adjoining hotel, where they locked her in a room on the second floor and mounted guard at the head of the stairs. Unable to find its prey, the mob soon dispersed, and Carry Nation was escorted to the railroad station by a detachment of policemen armed with nightsticks and drawn revolvers. She was greatly upset, but neither then nor later did she retract what she had said about McKinley. When she wrote her autobiography, she declared that "William McKinley was no martyr," and described him as "The brewers' president, who did their bidding."

Carry Nation, again in Kansas in November, 1901, returned to Medicine Lodge for the first time since her departure for Wichita in December, 1900. The suit for divorce brought by David Nation was tried late in November, and although Carry Nation was exonerated of the charge of cruelty, the court held that desertion had been proven. On November 27, David Nation was granted a decree, and gratefully retired to private life. He died on October 3, 1903, whereupon Carry Nation remarked, "Well, I shall meet him 'at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.' I am glad God is our judge." Their property was about equally divided, but Carry Nation failed to receive a share of his pension. He took a parcel of land near Medicine Lodge, and she received the home in Medicine Lodge, where they had lived together for so many years, and in which she had received the divine call to go forth and smash. A year later she sold it for eight hundred dollars.

"I will not put any of this money

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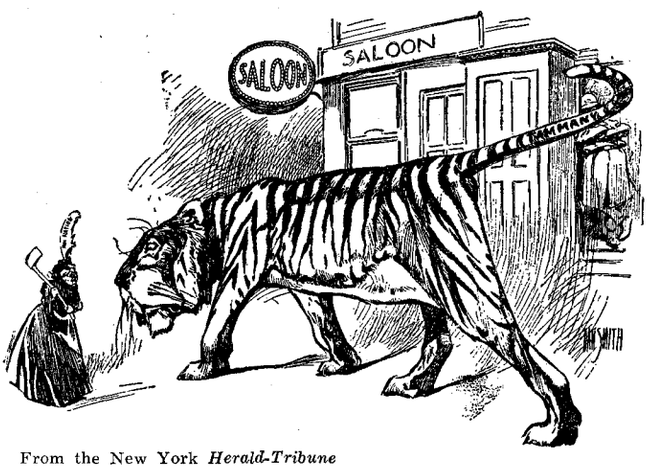
in fines," she said. "I will lay it up in Heaven."

Carry Nation's travels and adventures during the remainder of her life differed only in detail from those of the six months which had followed her debut upon the lecture platform. She continued to attack against Masonry and all its works; to snatch cigars and cigarettes and vehemently berate the debauched puffers of noxious hell-fumes; to condemn corsets and long skirts; to advocate equal suffrage, and to invade the strongholds of rum. Her onslaughts upon the saloons, however, were mainly verbal, for bartenders had become thoroughly acquainted with her methods, and she no sooner darkened their doorways than they threatened her with bung-starters, fully-charged seltzer bottles, buckets of water, and other deterrents. But "time could not wither nor custom stale her infinite variety," and wherever she went and whatever she did she aroused excitement and commotion. Before the infirmities of old age had compelled her to retire to her farm in Arkansas and thereafter to make only occasional public appearances, she had instigated a score of riots of varying degrees of seriousness, she had been beaten by a dozen saloon-keepers and other enemies, she had scandalized politicians high and low by attempting to investigate the personal habits of the President of the United States, and she had been arrested no fewer than twenty-five times, principally for causing unruly crowds to collect in New York, Denver, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington; Scranton, Pennsylvania; Bayonne, New Jersey; Wheeling, West Virginia; Nebraska City, Nebraska; Hot Springs, Arkansas; and even in England and Canada. And she was also locked up again in Wichita and in Topeka, where she was already familiar with every nook and cranny of the jails and police stations. She was arrested seven times in Washington, thrice in Pittsburg, and twice in Scranton. Her last arrest in Pittsburg occurred on May 26, 1908, when she pointed to a man with a Masonic pin in his lapel and shouted to a woman companion: "That man is wearing a symbol of heathenism and idolatry. He has a worshipful master and belongs to an oath-bound fraternity, who swear to have their tongues cut out, their throats cut across, their heart torn out and given to the beasts, and their bowels taken out and burned to ashes. These oaths originated in hell and are blasphemous, and unman every one who takes them." The Mason resented her strictures, a crowd gathered, police reserves were summoned, and she was fined twenty-five dollars.



From the New York *Herald-Tribune*

The Lady and the Tiger

But all of Carry Nation's conflicts with the law were merely spectacular interludes in an astonishing itineration that kept her on the move for ten years. She was fervently welcomed everywhere by the more radical elements of the temperance and prohibition societies, but her eccentricities, the shrewdness with which she appraised local conditions, and the devastating frankness with which she discussed them embarrassed and irritated many of the solid citizens who controlled the churches, and she found it increasingly difficult to obtain permission to speak in a house of worship, while ministers of the Gospel who had formerly hailed her as a chosen instrument of the Lord began to proffer adverse criticism, and to avoid her as one demented. Instead of resenting their changed attitude, she calmly remarked that "the Devil has his agents in the churches," and whenever religious edifices were not available, she spoke in secular halls, in vacant lots, and on street corners; and often delivered her message from atop an empty beer keg provided by a kind-hearted saloon-keeper, who thereafter used it to draw trade—it was handsomely adorned with ribbons, appropriately placarded, and prominently displayed upon the bar. For several years such kegs were very popular barroom decorations throughout the Middle West.

Eventually, however, Carry Nation abandoned even the remnant of dignity which this method of spreading her propaganda permitted, and became frankly a freak attraction. She first appeared at country fairs, street carnivals and amusement resorts in the summer of 1902, and on November 17 of that year, attired in a becoming white silk dress, she made her debut upon the professional stage, lecturing during the final act of a burlesque show at Springfield, Massachusetts. She learned to tolerate, though never to approve, the ribaldry of the performances and the abbreviated costumes of the chorus girls, and thereafter, especially in the winters, she frequently obtained engagements in the lower-class theatres, and sometimes toured the country with traveling troupes. "I got hundreds of calls to go on the stage before I did," she wrote. "Gradually I saw the light. This is the largest missionary field in the world. No one ever got a call or was allowed to go there with a Bible but Carry Nation. The door was never opened to any one but me. The hatchet opened it. God has given it to me. I take my Bible before every audience. I show them this hatchet, which destroys or smashes everything bad and builds up everything that is good. I find the theatres stocked with boys of our country. They are not found in the churches. They need me most. They are as brands to be snatched from the burning."

Late in 1902 she began to write her autobiography, *The Use and Need of the Life of Carry A. Nation,* but she was so impressed by the facility with which words flowed from her pen, and by her graphical delineation of situation and character, that she laid the work aside for a year and wrote a temperance play which she called *The War on Drink,* meanwhile taking daily lessons in acting from a Topeka elocutionist. But she failed to find a producer, and began another drama, *Hatchetation,* which was never completed. The title, however, was used for a special version of *Ten Nights in a Bar Room,* in which she opened at the Lyceum Theater at Elizabeth, New Jersey, on November 10, 1903. She played the rôle

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of Mrs. Hammond, the heart-broken mother who finds her son carousing with evil companions in the "Sickle and Sheaf." The play had been rewritten to include a saloon-smashing scene in the fourth act, and so thoroughly was Carry Nation at home in the part that at her first performance she destroyed forty-four goblets and twenty-nine bottles, and overturned three tables and four chairs. The surroundings in which she found herself during this period of her career were very distasteful, but the work was profitable; her salary ranged from fifty to three hundred dollars a week, and she thriftily increased her income by selling souvenir hatchets and buttons before the curtains rose and between the acts. By the end of 1902 she had saved sufficient money to pay the final installments on her Topeka fines, with which she was in arrears, and to erect a large brick building in Kansas City, Kansas, which she sold when the Salvation Army declined to accept it for a mission. With the money she received for it, and the eight hundred dollars obtained from the sale of her house in Medicine Lodge, she made the first payment of $5,500 on the Home for Drunkards' Wives and Mothers, which was also established in Kansas City. The Associated Charities, incorporated for the purpose, took possession of the Home in December, 1903, and operated it successfully until 1910, when it was closed for lack of occupants.

Even when she appeared as a star in plays wherein every line pointed a moral, Carry Nation delivered one or more temperance speeches during the progress of the show. But the brands which she was so eager to snatch from the burning caused her much trouble, especially in the burlesque and variety houses, where they were overwhelmingly pro-liquor. To combat their freely expressed antagonism, she developed a highly specialized and effective technique of lecturing. She was never dismayed by the hostility of an audience, nor was she at a loss for words, for she always spoke extemporaneously and, as it was put in the expressive argot of the period, her tongue was hinged in the middle and loose at both ends. When hecklers annoyed her, and made organized attempts to drive her off the stage with hisses and cat-calls, she stood her ground angrily, her shrill voice rising high above the tumult and flooding the auditorium with such a crackling stream of abuse and vilification that her tormentors were left gasping and amazed. She simply out-screamed them. And when this method failed to get their attention, as occasionally happened, she leaned over the foot-lights and began talking in a low, earnest voice to persons in the front row or in a box. Her opponents usually subsided, unable to withstand their own curiosity.

DAVID NATION HUSBAND OF CARRIE NATION
CITY PRISON
TAKING MRS. NATION TO JAIL
MRS. NATION IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE ADDRESSING A STREET MEETING.
MRS. NATION AT PRESENT TIME
MRS. NATION AT 30 YRS OF AGE.
UNIQUE RESTAURANT
MRS. NATION & MOB IN FRONT OF UNIQUE JOINT.
A VIEW OF SENATE JOINT AFTER RAID.

From the National Magazine

High-lights in Carry Nation's life

Her extraordinary performances, not only on the stage but wherever she appeared, bore their natural fruit of discredit and derision. Despite her early success in influencing legislation and law enforcement in Kansas and elsewhere, by the end of her first year's lecture tour she was a fallen idol. Her notions of indiscriminate violence were no longer accepted, save by those whose own peculiarities impelled them always to follow in the train of a fanatic, as a possible solution of the rum problem; she was ridiculed and reviled from coast to coast; she was looked upon almost everywhere as a meddlesome, cantankerous and demented old woman; and she was the prey of unscrupulous reformers whose interest in her cause was wholly mercenary, and who manipulated her sincerity and obsessions for the benefit of their own purses. Although she remained the darling of the extremists, she was never again able to summon to her banner even a modicum of the impressive following which had kept Kansas in an uproar for two months, and had augmented temperance zeal everywhere.

On February 28, 1901, the Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York County, comprising Manhattan Island, adopted resolutions expressing the hope that "Mrs. Nation's work might prosper in the Lord." But the Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, who read the document to the convention, added *sotto voce*, "That doesn't mean that we approve of it." On September 4, 1901, in an address before the convention of the Women's National Auxiliary of Stationary Engineers, Susan B. Anthony, perhaps the most influential woman of her time, said, "If Mrs. Nation had been doing what I consider her duty she would have stayed at home and put down the whisky by instructing the women in Kansas, where they have the ballot, how to use it."

Nevertheless, until the day of her death she was one of the great driving forces in the onward sweep of prohibitionary sentiment, and continued to promote the most important and far-reaching phase of her crusade. None believed in her, but they never failed to chronicle her doings. And since publicity for Carry Nation meant also publicity for the liquor traffic, the net result of her fantastic exploits was to keep the worst features of the saloon constantly before the public eye.

(To Be Concluded)

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First Aid to the Oil Industry

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

SEPTEMBER IS a month of testing for one of the most comprehensive experiments yet made to bring measures of conservation into the oil industry.

The emergency oil law of California, signed May 31, taking effect September 1, aims at the restriction of petroleum production indirectly. It may provide a means of salvation for the industry without resort to national legislation with its trespasses against local rights or suspension of provisions of the Sherman act.

Directed at the oil producers, the law prohibits the unreasonable waste of natural gas, which escapes in connection with the production of crude oil. The blowing, release or escape of natural gas into the air is held prima facie evidence of unreasonable waste, which the state's oil and gas supervisor is empowered to correct.

Since the effect of the law will be to curb drilling activities, it is estimated that California oil production may be shut down as much as 200,000 barrels daily. If the gas is shut in, overproduction of crude will be curtailed, allowing supply and demand to come more nearly into balance; permitting slower and more orderly development; and enabling the gas to perform its valuable function of driving oil to the mouth of the well.

If the law is observed, the eventual result will be recovery of more oil, avoidance of periods of great over-production, elimination of expensive storage for surplus petroleum, extension of California's supply of oil and gas, and postponement of the day when the state might have to import petroleum.

Oil men admit readily that difficulties lie in the path of effective enforcement of this state law, but co-operation of producers with the State authorities is under way.

California has been an important factor in the inland and Eastern market for oil this year. The flush production has found its way into competition with Pennsylvania oils, contributing to three successive cuts recently in Pennsylvania crude. Mid-continent too has found wider distribution in its search for markets for surplus stocks. Both the mid-continent and the Eastern producers would benefit immediately from successful enforcement of the California conservation measure.

The Texas and Oklahoma refiners have felt the competition from tank steamer shipments by California companies to the East coast and Europe by way of the Panama Canal. At this writing, the fear of a cut in price of mid-continent crude, so prevalent early in the season, has been allayed by the hope that nothing would have to be done pending observation of the results from California's restrictive law. The odds among the initiates are on the probability that this cut cannot be delayed indefinitely.

Prices in general have held well this year in spite of the tendency of production to get out of hand. Various measures to curtail output were not sufficient to prevent a gain of about 300,000 barrels daily, or 13 per cent, above 1928 figures in the first six months of the year. New records were made almost weekly until after the middle of the year. The unprecedented demand from motor vehicles, of course, has prevented a disastrous upset in the balance of supply and demand, and with the help of economies in productive and refining processes the oil companies have been setting up a very satisfactory record of earnings. Reports for the first half year indicate net profits about double those of 1928, and only slightly below 1926, the banner year for the industry. Earnings last year were about twice those of 1927, the period of acute depression.

Production two years ago was badly out of control. Co-operative efforts by leading producers led to restriction in the principal fields and the gain in consumption helped to stabilize prices, until early this year, when proration agreements expired and crude oil prices were dropped.

Faced with record daily production in this country, sharp increases in foreign output, and rapid additions to oil in storage, leaders of the industry took steps to avoid another period of surfeit and price war. Regional committees appointed by the American Petroleum Institute to study the situation recommended the limitation of production in their respective territories to not more than the 1928 daily level.

Much against the wishes of many producers, the plan for limiting production was sent to the Oil Conservation Board for approval, probably in the hope that the Federal Government would grant immunity from the operation of the anti-trust laws. The attorney-general, however, held that the board could not grant immunity, though he did not state that the plan would violate the law.

While leaders of the industry are still seeking a way out, through co-operation within the provisions of the law, the president of the American Petroleum Institute, E. B. Reeser, is advocating amendment of the Sherman Act to permit a united effort at curtailment.

The Sherman anti-trust law, Mr. Reeser asserts, has been held up for an ulterior purpose by those opposed to taking part in a collective movement. He favors amendment of the law to eliminate that excuse and at the same time have its operation in particular cases controlled by the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Federal Trade Commission under proper rules and regulations. Otherwise, the only legislative hope is in uniform State laws.

Curtailment of crude oil production is actually in effect in all countries, except Russia, as an outcome of international conferences a few months ago. Russia is playing a lone hand, increasing production as rapidly as possible and exporting oil at a rising rate because domestic demand is below normal.

This individualism, between nations, has its counterpart among corporations. Personal jealousy is the greatest bar to co-operation in the fight against uneconomic conditions within the industry. The concerted efforts to meet the problem seem certain to be fruitful, even though the way is not yet clear. The main point is the old principle of every man for himself has been abandoned.

In any study of the question, it is apparent that Oklahoma is the key state. That state and others will be watching keenly the results of the California experiment.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Harper Prize Novel

The Dark Journey. By JULIAN GREEN: Harper. $2.50.

THE SOMBRE GENIUS of Julian Green is revealed in his new book, the Harper Prize novel for 1929-1930, as it was foreshadowed in *Avarice House* and *The Closed Garden*. *The Dark Journey* has a richness, an intensity of passion, a freedom in writing, that surpass the author's earlier work and remove a suspicion once entertained by this reviewer, that Mr. Green's peculiar gifts, while striking, were those of the virtuoso, playing brilliant variations on his themes of horror, but lacking the scope or depth of a great creative writer. He seemed too definitely committed to the abnormal, the pathological, to sound the abysses of genuine tragedy, which must be universal in its elements lest it seem forced, artificial, and untrue. But Angele the prostitute, Geret, the poor tutor, who destroys the beauty he will not buy, and the malignant Mme. Grosgeorge, all three pilgrims, moved by deep-rooted instincts of the human soul, progress inevitably on their Dark Journey until its end in overwhelming anguish. Through a medium of direct and limpid prose, the terrible climax of the novel is attained in a magnificent crescendo of agony and austere beauty. Mr. Green illumines his sinister characters with the radiance of poetic insight, dealing with light and shade like a Rembrandt. There is at all times a fine harmony of character and action with background, a notable instance being the description of moonlight on a bank of coal in the yard whither the murderer was fled. This scene has a quality of mingled terror and loveliness that becomes pure poetry.

To say that *The Dark Journey* derives from certain French wells of literature, Balzac, Flaubert—particularly Flaubert—is not to deny it originality but to pay homage to that older, subtler civilization in which Green's youthful and glowing imagination has been oriented. To that Gallic civilization he brings, on his part, a creative vigor not often found in contemporary French letters.

It was perhaps no mean compliment to Julian Green that some readers were more intensely interested in what he might do after *Avarice House* and *The Closed Garden* than in what he had already actually achieved in those earlier books. To question and conjecture of his potentialities, *The Dark Journey* is a sonorous and authoritative answer.

An illustration by Frank Boyd from Juniper Green by Mary Willard Keyes (Longmans, Green)

The Week's Reading

Lone Voyagers. By WANDA FRANKEN NEFF: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

TO THE MARRIAGE of true minds Mrs. Neff admits insurmountable impediments in her novel of those Lone Voyagers of scholastic research, college professors. The author ruthlessly tears away that dear illusion of the high-minded woman that she can share her husband's intellectual life—marry his mind as it were. In the pure universe of the serious scholar there is no more marrying or giving in marriage than in the scriptural Heaven. Like Lindbergh over the Atlantic, the scholar flies alone. The wife of his bosom can no more companion him on his higher, farther flights than the most indifferent stranger. Except by such pedestrian aid as typing and filing, the most sympathetic and devoted wife is scarcely more than a handicap, so much excess weight dragging down that frail but indomitable winged-thing, the imagination of the original thinker. The wives of such men lead lonely humdrum lives, coping as best they can with the mean economies of grim poverty which is too often the professor's lot.

In Chippewa University there are three great men. The wife of one dies of overwork and neglect during pregnancy. One is practically widowed while her astronomer husband lives alone in his observatory, a telescope his grand passion. Lovely Janet Lamberston resigns herself to a realization that her husband will dwell in a tower apart and she must never try to unlock the door to enter this stronghold of his mind lest she incur his hatred as she has already narrowly escaped doing, by hurrying him in the writing of a book which he considers superficial and unworthy although it has brought him material comfort. The heart-breaking deprivations of the scholastic life—even the lack of books with which to carry on, books which are as the very bread of life—are movingly revealed in this poignant and thoughtful novel by a woman who is herself the wife of a college professor.

MARY SHIRLEY

Barbarian Tales. By NAOMI MITCHISON: Harcourt Brace. $2.50.

By Soochow Waters. By LOUISE JORDAN MILN: Frederick A. Stokes. $2.00.

BARBARISM, like many other things, depends on the point of view. Mrs. Mitchison's early Britons were to their

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Roman conquerors very much what the head-hunters of the South Seas are to us. These highly diverting stories of our forebears display a lively historical imagination and a keen awareness of the truth in that old adage "Human nature is always the same." The first story is laid in the early bronze age and the last in 1935! The moral seems to be once an early Briton always a barbarian.

Mrs. Miln adds another prettily inocuous romance of China to a group which has already won for her a large and loyal public. She writes in a graceful if commonplace manner, her books are replete with wholesome sentiment, and her background colorful enough even though she contributes nothing new or important in her Chinese interpretations. Her Suite Chinoise is built on pleasant old melodies with no disturbing modern dissonances. In her new novel she deals with the question of marriage between an English girl and a Chinaman. Her arguments are sound enough but so much discussion of inter-racial marriage seems reduced to absurdity when the answer to this biological problem rests so obviously in the natural abhorrence felt by normal people of every race for such intermingling. Who wants to marry a Chinaman anyway? But there are always readers who enjoy a trite exposition of a hackneyed subject that verges upon, but never quite touches the morbidly sensational. It must be said that Mrs. Miln never violates good taste, in fact her novel of miscegenation does not approach reality close enough to do so. Many people like to think they can think. Hence a reliable public for problem novels of the calibre of *By Soochow Waters*.

Early Candle Light. By MAUD HART LOVELACE: John Day. $2.50.

Love Story. By THELMA WOODHILL: Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

EARLY CANDLE LIGHT does not belie its pleasantly old-fashioned name. The book is as softly glowing, as modestly bright, as the title. This novel of the voyageurs, soldiers, Indians and pioneer women of Minnesota rouses a sharp nostalgia for the Northern woods, the lap of fresh waters—not like the boom of salt seas—the smell of logs floating down the rivers, the drip of canoe paddles under leafy banks and the tang of the habitants' patois. Mrs. Lovelace tells how the city of St. Paul developed from a wretched settlement known as Pigs Eye in the course of her unpretentious but charming romance of other days. This book is refreshing in its simplicity. Its sweetness is not cloying.

Love Story is the ironical title of a tale wherein love in despised and rejected as the most unclean and shameful delusion of human life. Agnes Barnet's nature was distorted and stunted by the greed and Puritanism of her mother. There were more Agnes Barnets in the last years of the Nineteenth Century than in this age of jazz. Agnes knew nothing of those things about which the modern girl knows everything that can be dug from physiologies and the documents of psychologists and psychiatrists. The reactionary reader of *Love Story* may question whether any academic knowledge is adequate preparation for experience. It is a simple tragedy and an old one—that of the beautiful and innocent girl sacrificed in a marriage of convenience. Is the sophistication of the post-War period insurance against such disasters in future? Mrs. Barnet was one of those monsters of maternity who make their motherhood a bulwark of selfishness and tyranny. The character is drawn mercilessly and with no little power. The odor of sanctity about this "good mother" pollutes the air breathed by her husband and child and poisons the very sources of life. Those who regard all motherhood as sacred will receive a shock in this pitiful *Love Story* of an obedient daughter.

MARY SHIRLEY

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* WENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. With perfect and terrible detachment the author makes a comedy of dazzling brilliance and exquisite balance. Reviewed August 7.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. A book to sink your teeth into and read with a pleasure at once eager and tranquil. Reviewed August 7.

Roper's Row, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. Against the press of novelists who would destroy the harmless illusions of readers, Warwick Deeping stands as champion. Reviewed August 7.

The Laughing Queen, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead. This imaginative romance of Cleopatra is vivid in atmosphere and characterization.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy but of small stature as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8.

The Indescribable Something

Atmosphere of Love. By ANDRE MAUROIS: D. Appleton. $2.50. Translated by Dr. Joseph Collins.

IF WE ARE to believe André Maurois—and his novel is very convincing—the "Atmosphere of Love" is composed of three principal elements: The spirit of the knight-errant, of the cynic, and of the rival. And if toward the end of life is added the spirit of serenity, the atmosphere of love is complete. These are the four moods of M. Maurois's chief character, whose emotional experiences develop the theme that "the minds of women gradually become steeped with the sediments which remain from the successive influences of the men they have loved, in the same way as the tastes of men preserve the confused and superimposed images of women who have crossed their lives." Thus, in the novel, Philippe Marcenat of the second marriage has assumed the characteristics of Odile, his first wife. Incidentally, the author toys with the idea that love, instead of being blind, deliberately chooses to be indifferent to faults and weaknesses, once it has found in a person the thing which matters above all else and which as a rule is entirely intangible.

No ordinary writer could employ so effectively the simple method that André Maurois uses in telling this story. Part I is a letter from Philippe Marcenat, describing his youthful love affairs and his first marriage; Part II is a letter from Isabelle de Cheverny, his second wife, reviewing Philippe's later adventures in chivalry, cynicism, rival-

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ry, and final serenity. Technical skill is apparent in the difference of style between the two letters, one supposedly written by a man and the other by a woman; and even the translator's occasional inability to reproduce the subtle charm of the original French fails to disturb the impression that the novelist not only understands his subject but at the same time knows how to write.

J. Dana Tasker.

Against the Wall. By Kathleen Millay: Macaulay. Published Aug. 19. $2.50.

The publishers of Miss Millay's book tell us, on the jacket, that when asked why she wrote *Against the Wall,* she replied "to raise hell with women's colleges." Our guess is that she will not even raise a dust.

Illustrations by Lois Lenski from the jacket of "They Stooped to Folly" by Ellen Glasgow (Doubleday, Doran)

Miss Millay's heroine is a small-town girl, prop of a wobbly family. Having worked hard, she embraces eagerly an opportunity to go to "Matthew College." There she finds snobbishness, smugness, "false liberalism" and provincial ideas: also petting parties, crushes, cheap behavior and faculty politics. She does not like it, and no wonder. So she leaves for New York, presumably Greenwich Village, where she will find snobbishness, false liberalism, provincial ideas, petting parties, crushes and cheap behavior.

No unprejudiced observer can believe that all is well in the women's colleges. There is social danger in such things as the smouldering atmosphere of segregation; the difficulties put by hockey-players, prom-trotters and time-killers in the way of honest students; the false ideals of college spirit, inter-female cooperation and feminine superiority and independence. That young women begin to feel it is evidenced by the increasing numbers who start but do not complete their college courses. The times are out of joint in the women's colleges. But Kathleen Millay was not born to set them right.

Blair's Attic. By Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln: Coward-McCann. $2.00. Published August 24.

It is unlikely that Joseph C. Lincoln will ever stop writing stories about Cape Cod. But if he does, his son and collaborator, Freeman Lincoln, has proved himself capable of carrying on a wholesome tradition that has won his father many admirers. You're either a Lincoln "fan" or you're not. If you are, *Blair's Attic* will offer you no end of amusement. It is compounded of so many "homey" elements that you will find at least one of them ingratiating: love of the sea; the witchcraft of wind-blown houses; idiosyncratic village idiots and prophets. The very names of the characters are giveaways: Jethro Gould, Anthy Hallett, Jonas Jones, and Captain Freeland Blair, of course, who dies with a secret in his heart; and a host of relatives and friends who spend forty-six paroxysmal years trying to discover "The Thing," hidden among the properties of the defunct George Crossley, an old friend of the Captain's. It is not a clever mystery story but it will hold your interest in spite of its technical weaknesses.

E. M. Benson.

George Washington. By Shelby Little: Minton Balch. $5.00.

After a century and a half of stuffy pictures exhibiting an unerring hero, whose unblemished career could hear of no reproach, the psychological biographers have realized the necessity of a flesh and blood Washington endowed with a few normal weaknesses. Shelby Little, one of many who recently have attempted this reconstruction, recalls Washington as a shrewd farmer and landowner with a love for wealth and a fairly snobbish belief in class distinction. He is referred to frequently as a man whose extreme sensitivity could not abide criticism, and he is shown to have been something of a bore in the matter of promoting personal theories.

Mr. Little's presentation is colorful without compromise to historical accuracy, and so in no real way does our hereditary idea of the brave soldier and patient statesman suffer by a knowledge of his more personal background and inward characteristics. Although less awesome, this portrait of Washington is decidedly more appealing than those of a national moral-clad hero such as every good history text is full of.

M. A. Higginson.

I Thought of Daisy. By Edmund Wilson: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A modern novel may have no action, no conversation: it may be done in dramatic or verse form, with or without punctuation; it may be on any subject, by any one. In these superficial ways the modern novel is reactionary. But today, as it always has been, one of the fundamental aims of a good novelist is the presentation of a sound criticism of life.

Edmund Wilson's book attempts nothing else. It is a series of detailed

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observations on post-War New York and a collection of tangent and frequently brilliant discussions of literature. Probably, when he began his novel the author deliberately decided to exercise his full privileges as critic. If in desperation for lack of other material, subjective opinions came to dominate both action and character, the finished work is no less impressive.

The seemingly frivolous title of this serious novel indicates the trend of its slight plot. The story is told from the standpoint of a young writer who is passing through the gradual stages of evolution from Greenwich Village radicalism to artistic sobriety. His life is influenced by two women: Rita, a poet, cultured and sensitive; and Daisy, a chorus girl, typically American even to the point of having a sufficiency of common sense. But the story is very thin, and important only as an adhesive for binding together a number of unrelated shrewd criticisms.

J. Dana Tasker.

Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

IT IS a matter of common knowledge that the Roman Church is exercising at the present time a strong attraction on the non-Catholic world. The movement for Church unity is probably to a great extent responsible for this, but whatever the underlying cause the fact of quickened interest in Catholicism is evident. Books on Catholicism are therefore most welcome, particularly those which are written by Catholics and express somewhat officially the spirit and purpose of the Roman Church. Such a book is "The Spirit of Catholicism" by Karl Adam, Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Tubingen (Macmillan). The ironic spirit of the author is shown by the way in which he disclaims any "assurance of victory" over Protestantism. "The phrase," he writes, "is a profane and unholy one. It degrades religion and makes it a party affair. When we are treating of religion we should have humility, reverence, thankfulness and joy, but no dogmatic assurance of victory. The future of Protestantism; that is God's business." This is a clear and frank exposition of Catholic doctrine and practice. There is no attempt to commend the Church by humoring any of the prejudices of our day. For instance, Professor Adam writes, "The whole constitution of the Church is completely aristocratic and not democratic, her authority coming from above, from Christ and not from below, from the community." Here is a book for those Protestants who sincerely want to know what the great Catholic church is and does. It is not written to convert but to enlighten. "The Life of Prayer" by Baron Freidrich von Hugel (Dutton) is also by a Roman Catholic thinker, one whom Dean Inge once called, "The greatest theologian and the ablest apologist for Christianity in our time." This is a little book of counsel to those who would avail in prayer by one whose life and wisdom have given him the right to speak. Those to whom the life of prayer has any meaning must not fail to acquaint themselves with this book. A half hour spent with it will repay many fold.

But of course there are those who think that all religion is so much "Bunk" and that the Catholic Church and in fact all churches and all religions are enemies of progress. Such a one is Joseph McCabe, who spent twelve years in a monastery and was a teacher of philosophy in a Catholic College. Now as one of the most bitter opponents of church and religion he has written a bulky volume called "The Story of Religious Controversy," (Stratford). In it he has massed together nearly every historical fact which can be urged against church and religion. The iconoclastic nature of this book is apparent from the chapter headings. Here are a few, "The Myth of Immortality," "The Futility of Belief in God," "The Forgery of the Old Testament" and more of like order. Much of what he alleges is true, to the shame of the human instruments of religion, but it is not the whole truth and the vehemence with which the attack is made would suggest to the psychoanalyst that McCabe's early experience with religion were not the happiest. However for those who enjoy this somewhat old fashioned "God killing" this book is recommended. A more dignified attack upon tradition is made by L. Gordon Rylands, author of "The Evolution of Christianity," in his new book, "A Critical Analysis of the Four Chief Pauline Epistles" (Watts and Co.). This book is a critical analysis of Romans, First and Second Corinthians and Galatians. These books are looked upon by the writer as composite in authorship. This of course is not startling, for there are plenty of New Testament critics who maintain the same. What is interesting and somewhat novel is the precedence given to the Gnostic elements in these books. These are held to be basic. Moreover Rylands feels that in establishing this thesis there emerges a much more consistent and lovable picture of Paul, the Apostle. To quote one of his concluding observations: "A rigorous analysis of the Pauline epistles and of other available sources reduces considerably the number of facts which we can claim to know about Paul. . . . If we have any of his original writings, they are the two early Gnostic epistles reproduced in this book and they are of such a character as to lead one to form a high opinion of the man who wrote them." This is a book for the minister and the theologian rather than for the layman. It will take its place along with hundreds of other books upon these epistles. Whether this author's thesis is correct or not will be determined in those slow burning fires of the "Higher Criticism."

The above books have dealt largely with the matter of doctrines and beliefs of Christianity. A more practical book and one which will appeal more to most readers is, "Man's Social Destiny in the Light of Science" by Charles A. Ellwood, professor of sociology in the University of Missouri (Cokesbury). This is an honest facing of the problem of the future of our race by a trained sociologist. Frankly recognizing that, since the coming of the Great War and before, there has been much to justify extreme pessimism, Ellwood is still convinced that mankind has resources at his disposal which make it possible for him to solve the mighty and seemingly insoluble problems which face him. A right use of science and of education can do much, but still there is needed religion and Ellwood's closing words are a plea for the kind of religion which stabilizes individuals and harmonizes the relations between them. Religion, he believes, is much more a defense mechanism or a rationalization of our wishes. It is devotion to life's highest values and will never be displaced either by science or philosophy. It is "the creator and the conservator of our social ideals." And the Church as the propagator of these ideals will in the future turn freely to scientific knowledge, to education and to government for the means of eliminating errors and correcting evils. Of course, Ellwood's conception of the Church is not the Catholic conception, but it is entitled to respect as the considered opinion of a trained thinker of the first order.

Edmund B. Chaffee

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ONE of the draw-backs from which theatrical reviewing, as well as book reviewing, suffers is the lack of any method whereby the reader can be made aware of the standards of comparison which the reviewer has in mind in criticizing a dramatic production or a literary work.

For instance, we have seen in one of our esteemed contemporaries a review of a book by Kathleen Norris presented side by side with a criticism of a novel by Romaine Rolland, in which Mrs. Norris's book was praised to the skies, whereas Mr. Rolland's work was described as a not particularly good piece of literature. Lacking any mention of the gulf between Rolland and Kathleen Norris, the criticism was futile.

Likewise, we've noticed reviews of entertainments as far apart as Earl Carroll's *Sketch Book*, and the Schubert extravaganza *Broadway Nights*, wherein both were accorded about the same mede of praise and criticism: whereas the truth was that what might be termed the merits of *Broadway Nights* would automatically have become demerits in the *Sketch Book*, if presented in that review and reviewed from the standpoint of what the critic expects from Earl Carroll.

All of which is preliminary to saying regretfully that Murray Anderson's *Almanac*, despite its excellence as an entertainment, misses something somewhere which sends the theatre-goer home a trifle dissatisfied, despite the color and humor and general sprightliness of the show. Evidently, Mr. Anderson started out with a genuine idea of presenting a real almanac of the stage—particularly, the musical stage—covering the period of the last forty years; and then found that his entertainment wasn't very good. Whereupon he added some entertaining skits, two or three excellent vaudeville acts, got Mr. Keating, the magician, to act as the master of ceremonies (a la Harry Richman or M. Balieff of the Chauve Souris)—and finally, ended up with a topical revue resembling somewhat a literary *Greenwich Village Follies* but with very faint traces of his original idea. If, in addition to the things we have enumerated, he had also carried out his original idea, the audience would have remained in its seat until morning.

It's a good show, nevertheless, albeit a trifle confused by the too evident mixture of cartoonists' scenery and New Yorker humor with plain vaudeville acts. To our mind, much of the early humor of the piece resulted from the burlesque singing by Eleanor Shaler of some of the hits of yesteryear, done in a rather evident Beatrice Lillie style, but extraordinarily true to the drawing room style of singing indulged in by our contemporary ancestors.

Two things, we regret to say, annoyed us excessively. First, a young lady who had evidently been informed that she resembled Ann Pennington. Second, the lamentable resemblance of the music to almost every melody we have ever heard. In fact, the best song in the show bears such a perilous resemblance to one of the current hits of the past season, that we spent most of our time trying to remember what tune it was—to the detriment of the two singers in the case: Jimmie Savo and Trixie Friganza. Unless the same composer wrote both melodies, this is one of the worst cases of plagiarism we have run across in a long time.

One thing in particular pleased us excessively. This was the rhapsody of rhythm presented by Jack Powell with a pair of drum-sticks and a kitchen chair. So far as we are concerned, Mr. Powell completely exploded two ideas—one that a man needs an orchestra to produce a symphony; the other that the complexity of modern life has so destroyed the artist's philosophy that he can't produce a work of pure art. Mr. Powell played on the seat of the chair, on the rungs of the chair, the back of the chair, the footlights, the floor, the sides of the proscenium arch, the tin kettles on the stove and all up and down the walls, throwing his drum-sticks in the air and adding gestures and facial reinforcements to his triumphant melody, until finally the whole symphony orchestra at the Stadium could not have torn us away. Vernon Castle would have turned green with envy. In fact, every one whose imagination was ever caught by the traps in a dance orchestra ought to buy a seat immediately to the *Almanac* and wait for Jack Powell to appear.

Absurd, isn't it? But, it's the high spot in what evidently was meant to be a tid-bit for the literary artistic palette, artistically and beautifully staged, presented with talent and dozens of attractive girls. All these things are there and contribute. But, to us, the show resolved itself into two sticks of wood and a kitchen chair. It beats all what talents reside in the human animal.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

Say It With Songs

JOE LANE was a radio singer. He had a wife named Kitty and a small son who went by the nauseous appellation of "Little Pal."

The man for whom Joe worked was forever doing things for Joe—pushing him ahead in his profession and placing at Joe's disposal the full facilities of the broadcasting station where he labored.

Did he do this for Joe Lane? You should ask. He did it because he was That Way about Kitty Lane, who, be it said, kept repulsing him and repulsing him. But Joe Lane found out the reason for his stand-in with the boss, and socked him so conclusively that he died, furnishing a reason for Joe to be sent to the pen for manslaughter.

While ensconced in the Big House, Joe used to sing sentimental ballads for the other prisoners and remind them by this means that if little violets could push their way through the difficult sod to the sunlight, the prisoners could do at least as much. Thus was laid the foundation for all the prison riots we have read about of late.

Released on parole, Joe Lane looks up his Kiddie, who has been placed in a boy's school while Kitty, his mother, pursues her duties in a doctor's office. So overjoyed is Little Pal to see his Daddy that when the latter takes his leave, Little Pal follows him from the school and gets run over by a truck. This accident deprives him of speech and the use of his legs and not until the doctor who employs Kitty has worked on the tot does his speech return and a final happy fade-out become possible.

If you saw *The Singing Fool* it will hardly be necessary to inform you that a once distinguished singing comedian named Al Jolson plays Joe Lane, and that Davey Lee is Little Pal. Mr. Jolson is such a powerful attraction in any guise he chooses to assume that his employers probably have to consult his wishes very carefully in the matter of screen stories for his use.

When humor is so scarce and so precious and when such a relatively small number of actors can supply it, why does Al Jolson so studiously eschew it? Any one of half a hundred hams could do the Joe Lane type of slop as well as Al Jolson does it. Only a very few could be as funny as he can be.

To enjoy the particular brand of tripe that is the chief ingredient of *Say It With Songs* one must be an Al Jolson fan of unswerving fidelity, or one must be a sap—or both.

Davey Lee, the four-year old marvel of the talking screen, is a phenomenon that no one could fail to find interesting. He has drawn down the encomiums of every observer in the land in the two previous pictures he has appeared in. But, although he is "featured" in *Say It With Songs*, the star seems resolved that he be kept in his proper sphere—slightly in the background.

As long as Al Jolson's present type of vehicle is a box-office hit, Al Jolson will, we suppose, keep right on wielding the goo-ladle. And just so long will the adult movie-going population be advised by this department to stay away from his pictures.

The Cock-Eyed World

CAPTAIN FLAGG is now First Sergeant Flagg; First Sergeant Quirt now wears his three stripes without the diamond below them.

Both have been demoted since the days they furnished a reply to the "What Price Glory" query and reduced equally in rank is the legitimacy of the interest they once engendered.

In a tenser, more distracted, day, these oversexed leathernecks stood for something of world-wide significance. Now, the war is over, and their insensate frolics begin to cloy. From Vladivostok to the tropics the pair drag out to an attenuated conclusion their fight over each other's women and the hard-hitting appeal of their tactics is put down for the count by Young Kid Normalcy, the champion of the moment. No longer do the biological urgings of the uniformed gunman pack the wallop of a decade back.

This, of course, is only one way of putting it. If anything whatever had happened in *The Cock-Eyed World* except the unremitting pursuit of waterfront flossies by the U. S. Marine Corps, the picture might have justified itself. But nothing else did happen.

Victor McLaglen plays the once palpably American Flagg with a broad Cockney accent, that he tried heroically to merge with the intonations of the Gowanns Canal section, and Edmund Lowe repeats his believable portrayal of Quirt, with speech to suit.

If you go, be sure you're in the mood for mediocre rough-stuff—and leave the kiddies at home.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

"IF YOU ARE forty you need not apply. We want speed and production." This striking sentence describes an industrial condition the causes of which are rather obscure. In the leading article of the next issue Mr. Louis Stark, expert on labor and social conditions for the *New York Times*, analyzes this situation and makes several suggestions for its improvement.

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page of the next issue will be Professor Charles A. Beard. Dr. Beard, who is the author of several volumes on government including "The Rise of American Civilization," considers in his editorial the condition of the farm loan banks and makes a suggestion which the new farm board might well take to heart.

WHAT SHALL a working wife do when her husband is called to a locality where she cannot continue her career? This predicament is found more often than people realize, according to Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, whose article, "The Married Feminist's Predicament," will appear next week. Mrs. Blair, the author of "The Dilemma of the Democratic Party" which appeared in a recent issue, describes the lines which the married feminist must follow in seeking the solution of this problem.

SOME OF OUR greatest speculations have strange origins. The tragic death of a small monkey forced Miss I. A. R. Wylie to face the question: What can we believe? In a article, "The Merest Trifle," Miss Wylie, who is a frequent magazine contributor, gives one answer to this question.

THE FINAL installment of Herbert Asbury's "The Story of Carry Nation" will describe the closing years of her life. We announce the conclusion of Mr. Asbury's biography with regret. We hope it has given our readers as much pleasure as ourselves.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

HAVING come to Gloucester on our vacation to escape from the heat of the city, we are writing this swathed in great coats and blankets with a hot water bottle at our feet and a cup of hot tea at our elbow. The only reminder of home is the hurdy gurdy which is wailing outside in the street. Whence it came is something of a mystery to us. According to our observations, made over a period of several decades, the extreme northern range of the hurdy-gurdist corresponds roughly with that of the cardinal bird. Even in the nesting season we have never seen one in Massachusetts before. And this particular hurdy-gurdist is alone; he is accompanied neither by little ones nor by a mate. He must be considered, we suppose, as a sport; or else as a brand new species. We ought, we suppose, to throw him a nickel, but our fingers are too cold to get at our small change. A form of what Fred Allen calls the Scotch palsy, we suppose.

It must be obvious to you that we're not giving out much information. As a matter of fact, we really haven't much of practical value to offer this week, and we're simply playing for time. Or rather, for space. The philosophers assert they are the same. Did you notice how many times we said "we suppose" in that last paragraph? We really hadn't noticed it until we read it over. We suppose it's the subconscious coming to our rescue. Certainly you can't think there's any conscious effort involved in this.

Well, as we were saying, up here among the artists and the near artists of the North Shore, we've been dabbling a bit in art ourself. Pastels. Silly of us, in a way, since another artist in Gloucester rouses no more interest than a piece of anthracite in a certain celebrated English center of the coal mining district. (Is there something the matter with that simile? Do they mine anthracite in England?) Anyway, we've thrown off one or two little things that seem to us rather good, just sea and sky and fog, rather low in key, but admirably handled. It's not easy to handle fog. We're going to do for Gloucester what Gauguin did for Tahiti. The spirit of the place fairly permeates these pastels. If you've never been to Gloucester and want to know what it's like, buy one of them ($2.50 each, F. O. B. Gloucester), sit on a chunk of ice in the cellar with the electric fan on, and look at it.

THERE'S A ONE-BLADE safety razor on the market which you may not have seen: the Rolls. Is extremely simple, and its claims for superiority rest on the excellence of the blade and the care and accuracy with which it is made. This razor has its own strop and hone. We personally have not applied one to our jowls, preferring to stick to our aged Gillette, but we hear them praised.

FOR YOUR GARDEN we have seen a combination bird bath and fountain—a rust-proof iron basin, 16 inches square, on top of a pipe which is sharpened at the lower end so you can jab it into the turf anywhere. The pipe has a hose connection in the lower section, and the water goes up and plays pleasantly above the basin, which stands a little over three feet from the ground.

THE FLEXO TRAY is a new wrinkle for your electric refrigerator. It is a tray with compartments for ice cubes, similar to the metal trays, but made of pure flexible gum rubber. You don't have to hold it under hot water to get the cubes out; just twist it a little and get out one cube or as many as you want.

ALSO FOR THE electric refrigerator are silver plated dessert pans for individual frozen desserts, which can be put directly on service plates and brought to the table.

And while we're on the subject, George Jensen has very beautiful silver ice tongs with flat tips for picking up ice cubes. The design we won't attempt to describe, but you'd like it.

COFFEE FROM HAWAII is now being advertised. The name of the new brand is Kona, and it is grown, says the distributor, "near the lofty slopes of Kilauea, where the favorable climate, rich earth and high altitude all combine to give it its splendid flavor." As we know nothing about the soils, altitudes and climates necessary for producing coffee, and very little about the soil, altitude and climate of the lofty slopes of Kilauea, we pass this on for what you can make of it.

A NOTE FOR THE home repair shop: plastic wood, which handles like putty, but hardens into something very closely resembling wood, may now be obtained in tubes.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Honest Man

IT WAS a big town—big with crime. Somewhere within the tangle of its streets, clinging firmly to an obscure spot of earth, stood a delicatessen shop. And inside, behind his counter, the proprietor brooded upon the sins of his city.

For this proprietor was an honest man. He sold honest food at a fair price and realized a meagre profit. That was all right. His tastes were simple, and he desired of life only what he earned—that, and security. Peace of mind. A good night's sleep.

But each day, as the hours marched on towards evening, he became increasingly apprehensive. At the sound of the door—of the new footstep—he would turn more aggressively and look up more belligerently with the lateness of the hour. No way to invite business! Certainly not. But the whole town knew as well as himself that with every quarter of an hour the cash register marked a higher figure.

And what did the town do about it? Nothing. It threatened him publicly with robbery and offered him no private protection. The streets were full of thieves, the police were no better than legalized gunmen, and the banks——! The banks were the greatest criminals of them all. For the banks, mind you, were a private enterprise, living (through fair promises) off the interest of your own money. Did they not know as well as himself that a delicatessen shop must stay open until midnight? They did, for he had told them. And what did they do about it? They closed their doors at three o'clock!

Many a time had he stood upon the street corner and told them. "Who do you think builds you? Who pays your help? Who runs your business? I do. And do you care for my money like you promise? No! You close your doors at three o'clock."

During the night he could not sleep; during the day he could only argue to himself. But there comes an end to all things.

It was on a night of wakefulness and listening that he reached his great resolution. The flat in which he lived was on the first floor of the house. His evening's receipts were in a pocketbook and the pocketbook protected by no more than the flimsy lock of a table drawer. In all the world there was no one but himself to care what might become of that handful of money. If he should fall into a sound sleep for so much as half an hour, the thief would find his opportunity.

Very well then. Neither the banks nor the police, the law nor the citizens. He himself would accept the responsibility! He would think of them no longer, and thus avoid losing what wits he had. He would now use those wits to protect what was his. There was no other honest man.

He lay back upon the pillow with a feeling of exaltation and exhaustion. A man could depend only upon himself!

Upon the following day he went about like one caught up in a cloud, enamoured of his own thoughts and, later, of his purchases. When at midnight he returned to his living quarters, in place of his suspicious broodings, he busied himself briskly and cheerfully.

First, he placed his entire day's receipts in the old pocketbook. This, tied about with a string so frail and dark as to be invisible, he laid upon the back window sill. Above the sill the window was left carelessly open. Outside the window ran the back porch, the calculated entrance of any thief. Then, within the dark recesses of the room, he arranged with care, upon a table, a sawed-off shotgun. The trigger held fast the other end of that invisible string; the barrel pointed at the window.

The proprietor of the delicatessen shop slept soundly for once. When he woke, it was rudely, at a cold gray hour. The walls of his room were still reverberating. He felt blindly for the nearest garment and hurried in the direction of his kitchen.

There was no kitchen. In place of it a pile of ruin met his eye. From beyond, the sound of groaning reached his ear. He leapt gingerly across the unfamiliar floor and reached the porch. There, helpless and frightened, still endeavoring to discover the extent of his wound, lay a man. He lifted a reproachful gaze. It was the janitor.

"Your pocketbook—" he gasped, "all your money—you forget and leave it on the sill. I push it inside for you, and the house fall down——"

The proprietor stooped quickly. No serious wound. He opened the pocketbook and counted. Four dollars and eighty cents. All safe. And then he turned and shook a fist at heaven.

"At three o'clock they close!" he shouted. "Now I ask you—I have done my best. Is it my fault, or the bank's?"

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With Our Readers

A Letter from Mr. Dooee

Lake Placid, New York

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Yur paje last week, "with our readers" was a fair cros section of those I meet. I hav been an ardent supporter from the beginning of the Outlook. Yu had a great constituensi of America's best families who read it as a kynd of weekli Bible & when they had enithing to advertyz, send their copi to The Outlook as reaching the best constituensi of hyer clas peopl. Ther has rizen a ruler that knows not Joseph. He has undouted abiliti but doesn't speak our languaj & doesn't understand or apreciate our famili standards & ideals.

The pitiful shortaj of advertyzing givs warning of the end. Subscriptions alredi paid for wil not be canceld except by extremists but hosts of them wil not renu. Lyk the Independent we ar looking to hear that our favorit weekli has been given awa to most eni paper who wil take it as a gift, or els has discontinued publication. The curent issue cums with its ful cover paje propaganda for making cigeret smokers of girls & yung men. If the purpose is to *lose* the old constituensi yu ar working stedili to yur goal. That was a wonderful asset bilt up thru 152 volumes. Possibili yu can create another constituensi with diferent standards & ideals but the chanses ar that yu wil lose the betre & not gain the worse.

Ther is stil a field for the old Outlook of the Abbots. If yu cannot understand & accept its standards sumone who can ot to lead us agen.

Cordiali,

MELVIL DEWEY

PS I ryt yu with uter franknes believing yu ar a big enuf man to realyz that it is onli becauz The Outlook has been for a lyf tym my favorit paper which I hav urjd 100's of friends to take.

Yu evidentli believ in frankness & certainli had curaj which I admyrd to print the sharp criticism on yur paje "with readers." Yur obvius lak of simpathi & almost contempt for prohibition & for those who think tobako is a groing curs has alienated 1000's of yur strongest suporters.

Yur efort to revyv the discusion of which the publik was so thoroli sik, of the Sacco-Vanzetti case was badli mistaken jujment. The best of the publik was nausated by the years of dela over teknilitis, then yu efort to reopen the case which yu threatend sounded to most of us lyk Hearst.

With unuzual abiliti & enterpryz yu seem to plan droping the splendid Outlook clientel & creating a nu one for yur own ideal Weekli. It looks as if yu had sold yur birth rate for a mes of potaj & wdn't get the potaj.

Editor's Note—It would be the greatest hypocrisy for The Outlook and Independent to pretend to regard tobacco smoking as a moral issue. All the members of its staff smoke and even Dr. Lyman Abbott to whom occasional objectors to cigarette advertisements refer in this respect did not object to tobacco advertising. The Outlook and Independent is not, however, trying to introduce propaganda in favor of cigarette smoking anywhere.

In regard to prohibition The Outlook has always favored temperance. The Outlook supported the temperance movement before the passage of the 18th Amendment and supported prohibition after its passage. Now after ten years, in the belief that prohibition has not fulfilled the hopes of its supporters, The Outlook and Independent favors modification of existing legislation.

Complaint

Beloit, Wisconsin

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

For about fifteen years my husband and I have been subscribers of your paper, and during most of that time were eager and interested readers. I regarded The Outlook editors as so fair and their ideals and aims so high that one could safely be guided by them about matters of which one had little knowledge. I always spoke highly in praise of the paper and tried to secure other subscribers.

In our opinion, the character of your publication has changed rapidly for the worse. We feel that we can no longer rely on your judgment because of the lowered moral tone, and acceptance of things as they are, in a day when periodicals ought to be safe guides for one's thinking and constructive in their criticism.

When I read last fall in an editorial the statement that "Prohibition is not a moral question," I could not help but think, "Shades of all the noble dead! What would Lyman Abbott think of that!"

There seems to be no one on your staff who recognizes, as he always did, that "Nothing in life is unrelated to religion."—

We recognize some fine features, of course, and I am very glad to read Mr. Schauffler's illuminating biography of Beethoven, and the one on Carry Nation.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. P. H. RALPH..

Support

Ontario, Canada

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I hope and believe that there will continue to be a place for a magazine like yours, free and living, and that the number of cancellations will be small while the new readers multiply because of your catholic policies.

We are enjoying the articles in each issue. Those on "Carry Nation" are incisive, illuminating and interesting. But it is all so well balanced a weekly portion that I want to congratulate you. Thank you.

Yours faithfully,

T. D. JONES

More Support

New York, New York

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I am a comparatively new reader of The Outlook and Independent, having taken a trial subscription last year. When this expired I promptly and enthusiastically renewed for a year and expect to remain a permanent subscriber as long as your editorial policy remains the same. I knew the magazine in the Abbott-Roosevelt days but I am not reflecting on its excellence at that time when I say that I find it much more to my taste now. I like your way of handling the questions and news of the day, your leading articles are well chosen, timely and interesting, and your attitude towards present day political problems happens to be the same as my own.

I am referring especially to prohibition. I note that in your letter columns, which

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I always read, the prohibitionists are most vocal in their threats to cancel subscriptions. They complain of your allotting so much space to the subject, losing sight of the fact that the prohibition question is as vital to America of the 'twenties and 'thirties as Slavery was to America of the 'fifties and 'sixties. When the High Priestess of prohibition, Mrs. Willebrandt, can say in her article of August 9, "out of our 100,000,000 population and perhaps 20,000,000 who believe in prohibition," it is a fair inference that eighty percent of your readers do not believe in prohibition and it is hardly fair to allow the remaining twenty percent to dictate your editorial policy, though the corresponding twenty percent in the nation does successfully dictate the policy of this country. I have seen no editorial comment on Mrs. Willebrandt's startling admission of weakness, but trust it will receive mention in The Outlook and Independent in due time. Personally I think that you are very fair and hope that these scattered protests will not lead you to a change of tone.

Thanking you for the pleasure that your magazine has given me, I remain,

Very truly yours,
R. D. M.

▶▶*A Suggestion*

Jay, Essex Co. New York

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The following suggestion might be workable and of value.

I have wished that by employing ridicule the control of accidents caused by autos might be tried.

I have seen it done once and it worked to perfection. A handsome car was parked in a conspicuous place, the owner sat at the wheel and a big placard announced "Pinched for speeding." The man had to work out his sentence then and there by sitting for four long hours.

If power could be given local traffic police forces to try all cases then and there and pass a sentence, always the same only differing in length of time and placard used, the educating of the motorist might be speeded up. Of course, this could only apply to carelessness in driving and minor accidents and I think that financial damage should be met by compulsory insurance, but inconvenience and ridicule are two very dreaded things. In the case of an actual accident if inconvenience could be caused by confiscating the car until the decision was made, it would make for more careful driving.

What matters it if the decision, if honestly made, is not always correct. The education of the motorist will progress rapidly just the same.

There is at least one weak point in this procedure. Would the local police be corrupted by money offered, to make wrong decisions. Well, that boils down to the question: are the morals of the American people diminishing to the vanishing point?

Sincerely yours,
ELLA J. B. MORRIS

▶▶*In Defense of Bound Brook*

Bound Brook, New Jersey

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

One cannot take issue with a dead man but it is permissible to correct impressions that may have arisen from his writings. I refer to the article entitled: "In Praise of Hypocrisy" by the late Harvey O'Higgins and published in The Outlook of July 31st.

In attempting to prove his case for individual and community hypocrisy Mr. O'Higgins conveniently selected facts that argued for it and neglected others that would have disproved it. Some of his statements might be challenged on the score of accuracy. It is important for your readers to have the other side of the story and to know that the effort to keep open house here on Sunday for the movies failed. The reason was that people who, openly or otherwise, desired to have the Sunday laws maintained, withdrew their patronage on week days. The effect of this on the management of the theatre was for it to retire with good grace from a situation into which a few people with no direct community interests had involved it. The experience was one that has caused theatre managements in other towns to hesitate before putting on a Sunday programme.

Very sincerely,
CHARLES F. SPEARE

▶▶*The Jewish Question*

Somerset, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I very much enjoyed your issue of August 7. I read all the articles with profit though I could not agree with all of them in every particular. I read the accounts of Carry Nation's doings when they took place. And I now read Mr. Asbury's rehearsal of them with much pleasure. But the subject in which I have for some time been interested is the Jewish Problem. I do not know who Johan J. Smertenko is, but his name and treatment of the subject cause me to suspect that he belongs to the Jewish tribe.

I believe the United States to be in fact a melting pot for the national and racial elements that come into it. English, Scotch and Irish, Dutch, Germans and Swiss, Scandinavians and others have come to this country and in due time become Americanized. The children and grandchildren of immigrants become educated in our public schools, learn the English language, engage in the various vocations pursued in this country, become imbued with a common national spirit, inter-marry and become American citizens in full. Their different religions do not keep them apart. Irish Catholics inter-marry with German Protestants.

But the Melting Pot has its limitations. It will be more difficult and take a longer time to digest and assimilate the Latin and Slavic elements that have lately come to us in large numbers. And it is a question whether the Jews can ever be properly amalgamated. It seems to me that Mr. Smertenko omitted the main cause for the growing prejudice against the Jewish people. The objectionable feature is not their religion and customs but the mode and manner by which they strive to maintain and preserve their religion. Their effort is to keep themselves a separate and distinct people. They will not inter-marry with any other people. Their sons and daughters are compelled to marry among themselves. If any young person effects a marriage relationship with an outsider he or she is anathematized, ostracized and disinherited. They proceed on the assumption that they are the chosen people of God. All others are outside of God's care; and are under His curse. They build on conditions and teachings of thousands of years ago. And that is so entirely out of harmony with the present-day knowledge and experience of the world.

Of course, that is no reason why they ought to be ostracized and persecuted. That is wrong. But it is natural and unavoidable. Let a class of people set themselves up as separate and distinct and superior to all others and they will not challenge the respect of the others. Neither the Jews nor any other class or sect of people can be fully Americanized and be a vital element in our society unless they realize that the Lord is the God of mankind and not simply of a select portion of it, and that all our people are entitled to all the social privileges for which they are qualified.

A. E. FRUXAL

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Covered Wagons to Rubber Tires

(Continued from Page 689)

crete, concrete surfaced with brick or with bitumen, and others. Of these the cement concrete at present seems to be attaining the greatest popularity. It is true of all these types of road, of course, that they all require constant maintenance and repairs, and that there is no such thing as a road that will stand up indefinitely without such maintenance. On the first-class roads these costs are, however, much less. That is one reason why inadequate roads are an extravagance.

Failure on the part of the public and of local politicians to understand this principle of stage construction has led many a community, bent on having "the best," to bankrupt itself by building pavements at a cost of $25,000 a mile when an oiled surface at $3,000 a mile would have been adequate for all existing traffic. Of course when the State or the Federal Government take a hand, such mistakes are not made. An engineer tells me that of 3,000 counties in the United States he estimates that 400 of them are using good engineering and economic judgment in the planning and building of their local roads, that 400 more are beginning to see the light, and that the rest need a nurse or a guardian.

The nature of the traffic problem in many of our large cities makes highway building in and near such cities a very complex matter. How complex it is is well brought out by the fact that there were four automobiles in the United States in 1895, 12,000,000 of them in 1922, and 24,500,000 in 1928. It took 27 years to produce the first 12 million, and six years to produce the next twelve and a half million. As a result of the tremendous congestion of traffic, particularly on Sundays or holidays, many cities, notably New York, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, St. Paul, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Wilmington, are working out systems of regional planning.

Generally speaking, highways 20 feet wide, increasing to a width of 40 feet as they approach the cities, seem to represent the accepted standard for doing away with bottleneck congestions at certain times. Some cities contemplate the establishment of belt-line highways to distribute traffic before it enters the town and prevent it from converging to a few main points. Engineers usually discount the proposals that have been made in the Sunday newspapers by some enthusiasts for the building of a great trans-continental highway a hundred feet wide, to be divided into several traffic lanes, such that low-speed traffic would keep to the right, and progressively faster traffic toward the middle, so that steady speeds of 60 or 70 miles an hour in the middle lane would be possible. They make the point that no present conceivable flow of traffic would make such a road economical to build, and that the twenty-foot hard-surfaced road is ample through rural districts. So far as roads of lesser importance are concerned, the amount of money that may economically be put into them is largely determined by the value of the land to which they give access. To give access to the land is their main function.

In spite of the enormous mileages of road already surfaced or improved, we are still very far from a solution of our highway problem. Traffic increases much faster than we can keep up with it. There are unsubstantial one-way bridges on important highways, there are hundreds of dangerous grade crossings. Both these nuisances need to be replaced. We are now surfacing approximately 40,000 miles of highway a year, at a cost of a billion and a half dollars; but this does not keep pace with the demand nor does it replace the inadequately surfaced roads which we are wearing out. Our annual output of automobiles would make a procession a thousand miles long, and the cost of operating those cars amounts to a billion dollars a year.

There is another aspect to highways —the international aspect. We are not the only nation that is being forced by the growth of automobile traffic to the building of better roads. One of many examples that might be cited is the building in the Republic of Colombia of the Carretera al Mar. That name means "the Road to the Sea." This road is being built from Medellin, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, situated on a high interior plateau in the interior of Colombia, across one of the wildest mountain regions in the world, down through miles of tropical jungle, to the Caribbean Sea. Medellin is the center of a commercial territory of two million inhabitants. The Road to the Sea will be 255 miles long, and will make Medellin accessible by passenger automobile in 12 hours, and by truck in 25 hours. Hitherto it has taken four months to make the trip from Medellin to the sea, and it has taken goods shipped from New York to Medellin six months to make the journey.

The new road will cross two great ranges of the Andes, and will traverse all climes, from elevated regions where the temperature ranges around 46 degrees, and the white clover, buttercups and blackberries grow, to the hot tropical jungles of an almost uninhabited virgin forest country. That sounds about as interesting, and significant, as a boulevard into Central Africa. Such enterprises speak for themselves, as to the romance of modern engineering, and the function of commerce as an agent for drawing the whole world ultimately together.

Perhaps the most dramatic gesture made in connection with highways in many years was the introduction in Congress last April of a joint resolution authorizing the President to appoint a World Highway Commission to co-operate with other nations toward the development of world highways, "connecting (says the resolution) North, Central, and South America by way of Canada and Alaska, with Asia, Europe, and Africa."

Apparently the immediate thought in the minds of the people behind this idea is the building of a seven-million-dollars highway from Seattle through British Columbia, up to Fairbanks, Alaska. They reason that the next step after that would be to extend the new road out over the length of the Aleutian Islands—a project which is said to be feasible from an engineering standpoint. It would then be possible for automobiles to cross Behring Strait to Siberia in winter on the ice, in summer by boat, and later, by way of a 60-mile tunnel under the strait.

If that ever happens—and he would be a rash one who would call it impossible—that Aleutian Tunnel would take on an importance comparable to that of the Suez Canal, the Panama Canal, the projected tunnel between Spain and Africa at Gibraltar, the proposed tunnel under the English Channel, and other narrow places through which flows the life-blood traffic of the world.

To allow the imagination full play on the implications of this thing is to make oneself drunken on a dream. Let's play with the idea a moment! What might come of it? It means that a plain John Smith will some day be able to start from Terra del Fuego north over the Pan-American Highway to the Aleutian Tunnel; that he will strike south from there through China and into India; that he will go from there to Cairo, and from Cairo down Africa to Cape Town; that he will strike back from Cape Town to London, via Gibraltar and the English Channel; that from London he will make Leningrad, and will continue on from there across Russia and Siberia back to the Aleutian Tunnel; that from there he will hop to New York; and that if he hasn't had

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Help Wanted

TUTOR WANTED for boy 13 years of age for a year. Must be a gentleman, experienced teacher including Latin and French, have excellent references and be willing to go to country part time and part time in Washington. 9177 Outlook and Independent.

STEAMSHIP POSITIONS—Men—Women. Good pay. Experience unnecessary. List of positions free. W. E. Arculus, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

LADY, as *useful companion* to elderly lady suffering from slight senile condition. New York suburb. $55 monthly. Answer giving age and references. 9187 Outlook and Independent.

NURSERY GOVERNESS to take entire care of three normal children, ages seven, six and four years. Applied psychology necessary. Mrs. Austin L. Adams, 529 Hillside Avenue, Naugatuck, Conn.

Situations Wanted

TUTOR, Dartmouth man, wishes position beginning September. 9178 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION to lady or children. Housekeeper for business people, or charge of motherless home by refined American Protestant. 8875 Outlook and Independent.

A LADY living in California will take charge of young lady or boy. Speaks French and can tutor, (has been a teacher) or will be hostess at an hotel. Highest references. 9185 Outlook and Independent.

PRACTICAL dietitian, wide experience in planning, purchasing and serving foods, desires position in hotel, club or institution. References. 9184 Outlook and Independent.

EXPERIENCED and efficient School Mother desires position in preparatory school. Fine references. 9186 Outlook and Independent.

EXPERIENCED woman, with son High School student, wishes position as house *mother in boys' school; or as housekeeper,* capable of taking full charge. References exchanged. 9189 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—useful, drive car. Some nursing. Capable educated gentlewoman. Excellent references. 9190 Outlook and Independent.

AMERICAN woman, Protestant, 36, desires *position as managing housekeeper for* private family who can afford the best. Is educated, refined; loves and understands children; good executive and competent to take complete charge of house and servants; good practical nurse; drives any car, and will go any where. Highest references given and required. 9191 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

TEACHING-GOVERNESS desires position. Experienced, college education, travelled. 9192 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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Harris Tweed Direct from makers Ideal sporting material. Any length cut.
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FOR SALE an antique painting, Madonna attributed to Antonello da Messina. Was restored by museum. 609 Outlook and Independent.

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his fill by then, he can continue south from there till he lands once more at the Horn—on which he will surely be entitled to blow one long blast, like Childe Roland when the reached the Dark Tower. In addition, the airplane will be able to follow these established routes, throughout the world.

Is this merely an extravagant fancy? I think not. We know from the experience of the last twenty years, that *where the automobile noses its way the surfaced highway follows.* It is economically inevitable that the spread of the automobile over the face of the world will produce the highways; and there are few places in the world today where the automobile is not penetrating and increasing.

The Years of Man

(Continued from Page 699)

natural end of man; the promoters of panaceas for longevity urge that old age is a disease and that the only thing necessary to conquer old age is to discover for it, as we have discovered for typhoid fever and diphtheria, means of prevention and cure. The fact that George H. Putnam, Clemenceau, Chief Justice Holmes, John D. Rockefeller, Thomas Edison, George F. Baker, and Elihu Root have minds still active and contribute thought for the good of mankind while well beyond eighty years of age does not prove that all men may do likewise. Here again is the proof of the biologic conception of old age. These men began life with an inherent vitality beyond that of most of us; they find themselves near the end of life with the means to give their cells every possible opportunity for continued existence. The vast majority of men are dependent after reaching sixty years of age. With an increase of life expectancy to sixty years of age, large numbers of persons are going to live to eighty years and beyond, but the number of centenarians is still very, very few. The best available records show only thirty actual centenarians among three million scientifically recorded deaths, and twenty were women of the leisure class. The laws of science, and of biology, which is the science of life, are not to be gainsaid by argument nor modified by dreams.

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Does Our Tariff Menace Peace?

(Continued from Page 685)

difficulty in the settlement of international debts and obligations, with a possible decrease of American good-will towards other peoples; (3) an aggravation of industrial and social troubles in countries that have hitherto traded profitably with the United States, and therefore the placing of a drag upon the movements toward industrial co-operation and social peace which have, in the recent past been one of the most promising accompaniments of the efforts to organize international peace.

But, I hasten to add, this last named disadvantage will be temporary. It will be overcome not, indeed, in a spirit of gratitude towards the United States or of willingness to take American international idealism at its face value, but rather with a determination to prove that, without American help, Europe in general and Great Britain in particular can set their own houses in order and find, in the development of their own resources, compensation for the loss of their trade with the United States. This position, far from being ultimately detrimental to international harmony may, in the long run, promote it by enabling non-American nations to face the United States with fuller self-confidence and greater political and economic self-respect than some of them have shown in the recent past. After all, the only good and healthy human relationships are those which are established between equals. The American tariff may be a blessing in disguise if it teaches the peoples of Europe and the peoples of the British Commonwealth of Nations the value of standing on their own feet as resourceful equals in a world of equals. The tariff builders in the United States may be building better than they know.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Ellery Queen's
The Roman Hat Mystery
Stokes

A gent in a plug hat was slain in his seat at a performance in the Roman theatre—at least he had a plug hat when he came in, but although it hadn't been taken out of the theatre, it couldn't be found. A former law partner is in the audience, and so is a lady whose handbag is found in the dead man's pocket, and there are other suspicious characters. Then Inspector Queen and his son Ellery are called for, and after doing a lot of sleuthing and indulging in a great deal of third rate badinage they solve the mystery. This is one of those stories in which all the facts are given, and the author challenges you to work out your own solution. It's perfectly possible to do so—if you're smart enough. We weren't. We thought it a good story though. But why do authors feel that it adds an air of sprightly elegance to use such French words as *moue* through the text? And then to intensify its Frenchness by adding an accent to the final e? Incidentally, if you're doing any poisoning this fall, there are some helpful hints for you in this story.

Oscar Schisgall's
Barron Ixell: Crime Breaker
Longmans

We thought Barron Ixell was one of these titled furrin sleuths until we noticed the second r. Then we found that he was an American criminologist, who, called in on four difficult cases by the baffled police of Brussels, Paris, Berlin and Geneva, wanders in faultless evening dress through the salons of the haut monde in the aforesaid capitals, and nails the criminals almost without disarranging his white tie. These are written-to-formula stories, but there are several new criminal methods in them which we haven't before encountered.

Robert M. Coates's
The Eater of Darkness
Macaulay

We know nothing about Dadaism. Hence we are perhaps unqualified to review "the first purely Dada novel published in English." But if you don't know anything about Dada too, your opinion will probably agree with ours. Quite aside from the fantastic madness of it, it seemed to us tricky, formless and badly composed. Clever, brilliant or moving in spots, it yet for us doesn't come off at all. It is—among other things, a burlesque of the scientific detective story, and contains the arch-criminal, Picrolas, who had logarithms tatooed on his thighs, and Adeline, the hoochee-coochee dancer, and Helene Montmorency, the lady of easy virtue, consumed with love for the hero, Charles Dograr, and a number of others. But it is distinguished for us chiefly by the curious use of parentheses. As thus: "One by one she lay there a long time, awaiting: a high branch of lilac was climbing the balcony (but) swaying there (rustling) interrupting: the Singeaut's dogs far away barking; and the mill throbbing so soft it might be thunder in Constantinople. The dimly (dreaming) while a corn-crake (digging in the field-perfume. Dimly) and:" And so on. It's not so hard to do, really. And it could be made much easier, since (on our typewriter (at least) we have to punch the shift key to get the parenthesis. It's much simpler to work the comma, , , or overwork it. , . , in combination with the period. . . and thus obtain some, , very interesting, effects, , , $? No, but*

T. L. Davidson's
The Murder in the Laboratory
Dutton

Walter Shepper was found dead and chuck full of cyanide on his laboratory floor, but the detectives couldn't figure out how the poison got into him. The amusing Blythe, one of his co-workers the student, Wroxham, who found the body, and the eccentric Rostov all did their ingenious bit to solve the mystery The characters are very well drawn and we congratulate the author on having so soft-pedalled the love motif that we were never once conscious of it. Altogether a most satisfactory piece of detection.

Forthcoming Books

The Meddlers. By JONATHAN LEONARD: Viking Press. Aug. 21.

John Knox. By EDWIN MUIR: Viking Press. Aug. 24.

An Interpretation of Genesis. By T. F. POWYS: Viking Press. Aug. 24.

Weathergoose-Woo! By PERCY MACKAYE: Longmans. Aug 21.

Atmosphere of Love. By ANDRE MAUROIS: Appleton. Aug. 23.

The Great Apes. By ROBERT M. YERKES and ADA W. YERKES: Yale University Press. Aug. 23.

Barbarian Stories. By NAOMI MITCHISON: Harcourt, Brace. Aug. 22.

Chicago: The History of its Reputation. By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH and LLOYD LEWIS: Harcourt, Brace. Aug. 22.

Poetry and Mathematics. By SCOTT BUCHANAN: John Day. Aug. 22.

The Under Dogs. By MATIANO AZUELA: Brentano. Aug. 24.

Indian Earth. By WITTER BYNNER: Knopf. Aug. 30.

Monks Are Monks. By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN: Knopf. Aug. 30.

Modesta. By G. B. STERN: Knopf. Aug. 30.

Leaves in Windy Weather. By EUNICE TIETJENS: Knopf. Aug. 30.

Loki: The Life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz. By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD: Doubleday. Aug. 30.

Style and Form in American Prose. By GORHAM B. MUNSON: Doubleday. Aug. 30.

East South East. By F. V. MORLEY: Harcourt. Aug. 29.

Fever House. By WALTER VON HOLLANDER: Macaulay. Aug. 26.

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